Christmastide at Cedar Grove

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WHITSUNTIDE

AT

Cedar Grove.

BY.

Mary Alice Ives.

MRS. WILLIAM WOOD SEYMOUR,

AUTHOR OF "EASTER HOLIDAYS AT CEDAR GROVE," "CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CEDAR GROVE, ETC."

"A path of peace amid the tangled grove,
A moon-lit way of sweet security—
Bright holy days that form a galaxy
To make a road to heav'n—strains from above,
Whereon the spheres of duty kindlier move,
Drinking pure light and heaven-born harmony:
Such is the path of thy calm Liturgy,
Ancient of mothers, in parental love
Daily unwinding from thine annual maze
Treasures that wax not old, whence still may grow
Fresh adoration."

THE CATHEDRAL.

New York:
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TO

FRANCIS PUTNAM MANN,

WITH THE EARNEST PRAYER THAT HE MAY EMULATE THE VIRTUES

OF HIS

NAME SAKE, AND OF HIS FATHER,

This Little Book

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Ascension, Whitsuntide, and Trinity complete the circle of the greater festivals of our Church, which the author has endeavored to illustrate for her young friends.

The old-time stories about the minor festivals—perhaps—will be given by-and-by.

Meanwhile, grateful for the heartiness which has welcomed — beyond their merits — her former little works, the author trusts she will find the same kindness extended to this.

Passion Week, 1859.

WHITSUNTIDE

At Cedar Grove.

CHAPTER I.

"That ev'ry man might keep his owne possessions,
Our fathers used, in reverent *Processions*
(With zealous prayers, and with praiseful cheere,)
To walk their parish limits once a yeare."

WITHERS'S EMBLEMS.

MAY'S merry month was drawing to a close in the Copake Valley; eleven days more would bring the roses of June. The trees were covered with their tender leaves—foliage would be too heavy a name—and the fields were already gay with green grass, white and yellow daisies, golden butter-cups, while white clover blossoms filled the soft air with their delicious perfume.

In the afternoon of this spring day, Mrs. Howard and Jeanie Ruthven left the old stone Hall,

for a walk to St. Mary's Church. Before them, Effie and Harry, followed by their loved Dash, went bounding over the meadows, gathering the bright flowers, and shaking their hats at the swarms of yellow butterflies which settled on the roadside, although they soon concluded that it was stupid work chasing the nimble little wings over fences and ditches—so onward the children dashed, right into the daisies, and left the pathway for "those two old ladies," as they laughingly called Jeanie and Aunt Effie.

Jeanie had not been at school since the Easter vacation, for Madame La Vanière pronounced her education finished, but Jeanie (unlike most young ladies) agreed with her parents in thinking it scarcely begun; so she remained at home, reading and studying with her father, helping her mother in household duties, and wandering with Effie and Harry in their woodland rambles. All day long she had been assisting her mother in preparing for her brothers' return.

James had entered Trinity College; Ned's last quarter at Valemont was just finished, and they were both expected in the evening train.

"How soon will Church be over, mamma?"

asked Harry, as he joined his mother and cousin. "You know we want to be at the station to meet Ned and Jem when the cars come."

"Certainly," replied Jeanie, "Mr. Rivers only has the evening prayer, and the train is not due at Woodneath until six o'clock, so we shall have plenty of time to walk to the station after service."

Effie had returned from her race over the fields, and, holding Harry's hand, she trudged slowly along, listening to her aunt's conversation with Jeanie. By and by a word caught her attention.

"Rogation day? What's a Rogation day, Aunt Effie?"

"Oh, Effie!" exclaimed Harry—"don't you know the three days before Ascension Day are Rogation days, and to-morrow is Ascension Day?"

"I know it, but I want to know what a Rogation day is. What's it called Rogation for?"

"If James were here, Euphie dear," said her aunt, "he would tell you that the word 'rogare' in Latin means 'to beseech'—and from that word comes our word 'rogation.' These days were set apart by the early Church for fasting and prayer, to make us more worthy to receive the great

blessings which Christ by His ascension gained for us, and also to pray God to bless the fruits of the earth, and avert all such evils as pestilence or war."

"What was their origin?" asked Jeanie.

"Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna, in the fifth century appointed the Rogation fast, and used litanies accompanied with public processions on these days, on account of the frequent incursions of wild beasts and fearful earthquakes by which his city had been nearly ruined. In the beginning of the next century, the first Council of Orleans appointed that they should be yearly observed, which order was obeyed in the Church until the Reformation."

"What do you mean by Litanies?" asked Harry. "Did the people use the Litany which we have in our Prayer Book?"

"Not exactly: I believe that at first *all* supplications and prayers were called Litanies, but in the fourth and fifth centuries, those used in public processions were especially called Litanies or Rogations."

"I find no special service for them in the Prayer Book," said Jeanie.

"No, nor even a collect, but the Church of England has thought fit to continue the observation of these days, as voluntary fasts. Among the Homilies there is one designated for the improvement of them."

"What are the Homilies?" asked little Effie.

"They were sermons written after the Reformation in England. The first book of Homilies was set forth in the time of Edward VI., and the second book was published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

A turn in the road now brought St. Mary's Church in sight. Its walls of dark brown stone were almost hidden by the ivy and American woodbine which crept over them. The church was cruciform, and the porch on the south side led into the nave. In a few moments the little group reached this porch. Dash—like a very good dog—laid himself down on the grass outside the door, and looked up in Effie's face as much as to say—"I will be a good doggie till church is over."

They entered. The afternoon sunshine streamed softly through the small lancet windows, and fell in rainbow beauty upon the chancel arch.

When the service ended it was some minutes before the kneeling congregation arose, and when they did so, they left the church in silence; not pausing to talk and laugh with each other in God's house, as is too often the case, even among good Christian people. While Jeanie was standing near the porch, tying her little sister's cape, Mr. Rivers joined them. "Oh Mr. Rivers!" exclaimed Effie—"Jem and Ned are coming home this evening; we're going to the station now, to meet them."

"Then I will go part of the way with you; I have a visit to make in that direction," said the Rector.

Harry and Effie loved to walk with Mr. Rivers, so at first they kept close beside him, but their attention was soon attracted by a flock of geese marching up the road—off they ran for the fun of chasing the awkward birds.

"How complimented you must feel," said Jeanie, turning with a smile to Mr. Rivers. "I am quite ashamed of my little sister's preference of company!"

"On the contrary, Miss Ruthven," replied Mr. Rivers, "you should be glad to see such a

childlike taste and honesty of action; for my part, it is much pleasanter to watch the little rogues chase those sober-looking birds, than to have them stay by me merely for the sake of politeness. I know that they are happier where they are. All through life, Miss Jeanie, encourage people to act and say what they really mean."

"And set them the example myself," half whispered Jeanie, thoughtfully.

"Yes; as you grow older, you will find the world wanting in such honesty."

By this time Effie and Harry had returned from their goose chase, and, holding each others' hands, walked soberly enough after Mrs. Howard, Jeanie and the Rector.

"One might think we were perambulating the parish," said Jeanie. "Suppose we call a few more children, and teach them the boundary line of Woodneath. Was that custom stopped at the time of the Reformation?"

"No," replied Mr. Rivers, "but it was not observed with the same magnificence as before. All the other processions were abolished by rea-

son of their abuse. Yet perambulating the circuits of parishes was retained."

"Do you remember any particular mention of them after that time? To tell the truth, Mr. Rivers, I know very little about the customs."

"Among the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth," replied the Rector, "we find that the curate and principal men were to walk about the bounds of their parishes once a year at the accustomed time, which was always in Rogation week —sometimes, but I believe not usually—on Ascension Day. At convenient places they were to repeat the 'Benedic, anima mea,' and admonish the people to give thanks to God for the increase and fruits of the earth, and to pray for the continuance of those blessings. The minister was also to remind them that 'Cursed be he who removes his neighbor's landmark.' They then returned to the church to offer prayers, and listen to the sermon set forth for that purpose. If you will refer to the Book of Homilies, when you go home, you will find it is the fourth part of the sermon for Rogation week."

"How the Church, in former days, entered

into every-day life with its duties and obligations," observed Jeanie.

"Yes," returned the Rector; "she appointed this custom to teach people to be thankful to the Giver of all good, and to be honorable and honest towards men. Walton tells us that Hooker—and there is no holier, nobler name in the English Church than his—would by no means give up this custom, and the account of the processions which he formed, is very beautiful."

"Papa will be sure to read it to us," returned Jeanie smiling, "for 'Walton's Lives' is one of his favorite books. How surprised he will be when he finds I know something about 'Processioning.' But, Mr. Rivers, how early was it observed in England?"

"I cannot tell you. The earliest account I remember, is found in the canons of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 749. He ordered these Rogation days on the seventh of the calends of May, and used the words, 'according to the custom of our forefathers,'—which shows that it was an old practice even in his time.

"A cross was carried before the priest, for

which reason this week has been called, in some parts of England, 'cross week'—the Dutch also call it 'cruys-week.' The Saxons, however, called it 'gang-dagas,' that is, days of perambulation. 'Gang-week' is still used in the northern part of England, and you know in Scotland to 'gang' means 'to go.' 'Gang-wuca' occurs in a rubric in the Saxon gospels. There is a certain plant called 'Gang-flower,' or 'Rogation-flower,' because it blooms at this time, and also because the young girls made garlands of it, which they carried in the procession. The boys—"

"Oh, what did *they* do?" interrupted Harry, who, with little Effie, had been trotting close beside the Rector, and listening to every word he said.

Amused at the interest which the little fellow had shown, Mr. Rivers laid his hand on Harry's shoulder, and continued: "The boys carried peeled willow-wands, and it is said that they were sometimes whipped with these, to make them remember the boundaries."

"Please don't whip Effie and me with our 'pussy-cat-willow,'" said Harry, pretending to

look very much frightened, as he waved a great bunch of these pretty, furry twigs which his cousin had helped him to collect.

"Oh! we don't want whipping," chimed in Effie; "we know that the river goes one side our parish, and there's an old, broken, brown stone on the other; we know the bounds well enough."

"Those are the limits of the township," rejoined Mr. Rivers. "In this state parishes are not marked by boundaries."

"I must correct, in part, your geography, Mr. Rivers," said Mrs. Howard. "The stone, to which Effie refers, is the point where the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York meet together."

"I ought to have remembered that," returned Mr. Rivers, "for I heard an amusing anecdote a few days ago, from the Rector at Dalehill. You know, that in Massachusetts, persons are obliged to procure a license before they can be married. Last winter, my old friend was called to perform the marriage ceremony for one of his young parishioners, but, through forgetfulness, or perhaps not knowing the laws of the

state, the bridegroom had neglected to secure the required permission. The company were all assembled, the bridal party had entered the room, when the minister recollected that he had not seen the license. He called one of the bridesmen to him, the husband elect was consulted, and then the discovery was made, that no license had been obtained."

"Delay was next to impossible, for the happy pair were to go immediately to Boston, and from thence their passage had been taken to Europe. As the house of the bride's father was built on the State line between Massachusetts and New York, some of the guests proposed that they should walk across the line and be married. The snow was too deep to render this practicable outside the house, but a small closet opening from the hall was in the State of New York; into this the young couple went, while the clergyman stood on the door-sill and read the marriage service!"

"It served them right for not being married in the village church," said Jeanie—"the county clerk's office is near by, and then they might have procured a license in a very few moments. How-

ever, it is amusing to think they had to be put in a closet for getting married! But to return to our subject"—she continued. "You speak of parishes in the time of Cuthbert; I did not know that they were marked out so early."

"Certainly, they were first distinguished in England under Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 636; and it appears their limits varied but little from those of the present day; for in the canons published in the times of Edgar and Canute, and also in the Doomsday book of William the Conqueror, the parishes agree very nearly with the modern divisions. We find that the boundaries of parishes were marked by crosses, and sometimes trees, called by the people 'Gospel Trees,' because under their shade the clergyman paused to read the Gospel during the Procession."

"When did this custom of Perambulations cease?" asked Jeanie.

"About the year 1765, although as late as August, 1790, there is an account of a procession of priests and choir boys, robed in their canonicals, who went around some town in England—I've forgotten its name—singing hymns." (1)

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Rivers," said Jeanie, when the Rector ceased speaking; "and I'm almost ashamed to remind you that you have not yet told me the *origin* of 'Processioning.'"

"I had not forgotten it, Miss Jeanie; but I feared you were weary listening to my long discourse."

"Not quite yet," she replied, with a merry laugh. "You know I'm going to set an example of honesty, in word and act, to this world; when I am thoroughly tired of your conversation I'll tell you so."

"Oh, Jeanie! how rude you are!" exclaimed Effie, running up and shaking her little finger at her sister. "I'll tell mamma."

"Then, Effie, you'll be mean," said Harry, quickly. "You know, Jeanie would let Mr. Rivers talk till he was dead, before she would say she was tired listening to him. We all know she loves him better than any of us!"

Poor Jeanie! If Mr. Rivers had not been looking directly at her, or if her veil had only fallen over her burning cheeks, she would not have lost her composure.

But Mr. Rivers immediately replied, apparently without noticing the blushing girl at his side: "Why, Harry, it would be a queer way for Miss Jeanie to show her liking by allowing me to talk myself to death! I must defeat her object by not talking any more."

"You certainly will not refuse to answer a question," said Jeanie, smiling, but without looking at the Rector—"and, really, I should like to know the origin of Processioning."

"You must be content with a very condensed account—we are quite near my stopping-place," replied Mr. Rivers. "It is supposed to have superseded the feast 'Terminalia,' which the heathens held in honor of their god Terminus, the guardian of fields and landmarks, and keeper of peace among men. Or it may come from the 'Robigalia' and 'Ambarvalia' which the Romans held in honor of Robigus, who was worshipped to preserve the crops from mildew. You know when Christianity was first introduced, the people who had been accustomed to these heathenish feasts and processions, felt unwilling to give up their merry-makings, therefore the missionaries Christianized them, as it

were, retaining the festivities, but rejecting their paganism."

"Thank you," said Jeanie; "I'll not ask you any more at present, for the station is before us, and I see Tim is already there with the carriage."

"And I must go in another direction," said the Rector; then turning to Mrs. Howard, he continued: "I hope the long account of 'Processioning' which I have been giving, has not tired you."

"Not at all; I've been much interested. I wish James and Ned could have heard your account."

"Ned would have made a practical application to your discourse, and had a procession of children before the parsonage this morning, if he had been at home," said Jeanie.

"But Mr. Rivers says that this parish hasn't got any boundaries marked out," interposed Harry, "so it wouldn't have been any use to go 'Processioning' through the village."

"Only it would have been fun," remarked Effie.

After making Mr. Rivers promise to come

and see them very soon, the children let him proceed on his way.

"No wonder, Ned; and all of us like him so much," said Jeanie to her aunt, as her eyes followed the retreating figure of the Rector—"he tells us so many new things, and he likes to see us laugh and enjoy ourselves. I'm sure he doesn't like a gloomy religion any more than the old heathens did!"

"Only a more Christian one, let us hope," said her aunt. "But remember, dear Jeanie," she added more seriously—"it is just this pleasure of learning something new, which will be one of our enjoyments in Heaven, for there we will receive, day by day, new and more glorious lessons, while understanding will be given us to comprehend things which here seem mysteries."

CHAPTER II.

"'Tis said our Saxon tongue is rough,
Not soft and smooth like those of Southern climes;
Two words it hath, formed of sweetest stuff,
Which breathe heart-music e'en in saddest times;
'Home,' is the one—our pulses thrill the other,
The sweetest, dearest, word on earth is—'Mother!'"

BEVAN.

THERE is one question which strangers when they visit the beautiful village of Woodneath are sure to ask, and they have asked it for the last twenty years, but the answer is ever the same. Little Effie asks the question now of the station master, who is busy raising the red flag to signal the approach of the afternoon train from New York.

"Mr. Rayman, why don't you build a prettier station house? Such an ugly old tumble-down shanty as this, spoils the looks of the pretty cottages."

This is the question, and here is the answer

which Effie received, the stereotyped answer which always has been, always is, and, judging from present appearances, always will be given.

"Wall, Sissy, bis'ness aint so spry now-a-days as it used to be, and buildin' costs a sight o' money, and what's everybody's house is nobody's—so nobody hinders himself abeout it."

"But somebody should," said Harry, who had joined his cousin Effie. "Squire Acres is president of the village; why don't he attend to it?"

"Jemime! how yeou dew talk. Squire Acres! when he's got all them 'ere medders to sow, and here 'tis nigh the first o' June, and the ground a waitin' for ploughin'—*he* stop to fix this 'ere house for the idle fellers who sit a smokin' round it all day! Kinder guess he aint sich a stupid as that! Halloo! yeou cows there! git off the track!" So saying, Rob Rayman started after the imprudent cows, while Effie and Harry sauntered back to the carriage where Aunt Effie and Jeanie were seated to await the arrival of Mr. Ruthven and the boys.

The afternoon sun was throwing a deep yellow light over green meadows, and stretching far away, where dark, damp mountains loomed up through the blue air, till their tops were almost hidden in the fleecy clouds which floated around them. Broad bands of this yellow light fell upon white cottage walls, and made them all the more cheerful, but the delapidated old building, before which the carriage was drawn up, looked dismally dirty. It is almost useless to describe it; any of you may see it by going to Woodneath, and Woodneath people are very sensitive, so they might not like me to be too particular in sketching this disgrace to their village. Let me tell, however, it is a two-story building, covered with paint, which, tradition says, many years ago was white, a flight of broken wooden steps lead up to a piazza surrounding the entrance. On one side a plank is thrown across to the narrow platform by which the cars stop, and on which the passengers crowd, pushing and squeezing each other, all pressing forward to get over the solitary plank, until they reach the stoop of the station house.

Waiting for a train is tedious work, but Effie had thrown herself on the front seat of the carriage, and was begging Tim to tell her stories about the Indians, a task by no means distasteful to the old man, for he was a half-blood Indian himself, and once belonged to the old Stockbridge tribe. Suddenly his quick ear caught the low rumble of the approaching train.

"They be three minutes beyond Dalehill station now; hush, children, and you'll hear 'e whistle." Tim pulled out his old silver watch, which kept pretty good time when wound up "reg'lar," as he would say, "and sot by der kitchen clock eb'ry time he comed in to his meals." Tim thought it "so respectable" to have a watch, that he little cared whether it kept time or not.

"Why, Tim, it isn't half-past nine," said Effie, as she glanced at his valued time-piece; "see, the sun has not yet gone down. It can't be more than six o'clock."

"Laws, Miss Effie! Nebber mind Tim's watch —look at 'e minute hand; he keeps time if 'e hour hand don't—can't expect two things to go right in this 'ere world!"

Before Effie could quite comprehend this

slightly misanthropical speech, a distant shrill whistle told that the cars were at the Dalehill station. A few minutes passed, and the screeching steam was heard again, more clearly and piercing than before. Effie pressed closely to Tim's side and held fast his hard, tanned hand as the great black engine dashed past them, flinging a shower of sparks over their heads.

But the train was still now, and the few passengers had got out. Ned's voice, as usual, was the first heard. "There's my education-done sister!" pointing to Jeanie, as she ran forward to meet her father and brothers. "How are you, dear old pet? And Euphie—come here, you precious fairy!"

But Effie had been caught up by James, and, mounted on his shoulder, was riding in triumph to her place in the carriage. "It's perfectly delicious to breathe this mountain air!" exclaimed Jem, "and to see you all once more. Where's mother!"

"She did not feel well enough to go to church with us," replied Jeanie, "and she knew that we would fill up the carriage without her."

"Ned's carpet-bag takes as much room as he

does himself," remarked Harry. "May I sit down on it?" he asked his cousin—"I'm afraid I crowd you and Tim."

"Sit down if you like," returned Ned. "There is nothing in it but boots, books, and brushes!"

"Improving companions for the books!" said James, laughing. "How did you pack your trunk without my assistance?"

"Oh, I folded up my clothes and pitched them in, then I jumped on them and squeezed them down, but when I found that all my books would not go in my trunk, I put the least valuable ones in my bag."

"I'm glad to learn that you were thoughtful enough to do so," said his father.

"Were you not sorry to say 'farewell' to Valemont!" asked Jeanie.

"Yes, more sorry than you were when you left Madame La Vanière; and if Mr. Johnson, our congressman, had not succeeded in getting my appointment as cadet at West Point, I think I should have decked my cap with weeping willow. However, since Jem and that set of boys left Valemont, we can't kick up such gay old shindies as we used to could!"

"O, what grammar!" exclaimed Harry.

"Never mind me, I can talk properly when I try—only I've been and gone and got used to talking any how!"

"Shocking!" said Jeanie—"I should think you had. It would be well to ask Aunt Effie to teach you in class with Harry."

"No, no! I'll eat the next grammar I pick up, and if I don't 'orthographize,' 'etymologize,' 'syntacize,' and 'prosodize' over every one of you—there's no truth in the Vision of Monk Martin!"

"Displaying his knowledge already," observed James, smiling.

"I never heard of Monk Martin's Vision—what was it?" asked Jeanie.

"Just think of a 'finished-off' young lady modest enough to confess herself ignorant of any thing!" exclaimed Ned, lifting up his hands in mock surprise.

"I'm not yet 'finished off' as you call it," returned Jeanie, laughing. "You ought not to think that because I have graduated, I must necessarily know every thing."

"You are right, my dear girl," said her fa-

ther; "but most young people, boys as well as girls, are apt to think themselves masters of a vast amount of knowledge, when in reality they know but very little. It is only by acquiring information that we discover how limited our stock is; so we should strive all through life to study, if only for the sake of keeping us humble in our own estimation. But tell us your story, Ned."

"In the monastery of St. Isadore, there lived an old monk, named Martin. He was remarkable not only for his piety, but for a stupidity which has never been equalled until Edward Ruthven came into the world."

"Poor monk," interrupted Jeanie, in a tone of compassion, "how extremely stupid he must have been!"

Ned shook his fist at her, but continued. "In vain he puzzled over his book and tried to learn; so one night, after praying to his patron saint to assist him, he fell asleep. According to the legend, the saint appeared, and made him eat a book."

"That was literally 'cramming' knowledge," interposed James.

"Which he digested to some purpose," returned Ned, "for he awoke a learned old gentleman, and wrote Latin nearly as well as my erudite brother, Jem."

"Nonsense," said James. "Monk Martin might have retained his remarkable stupidity unless he was a better scholar than myself!"

"Perhaps I *think* so, too," answered Ned, "but it sounds better for you, than for me, to *say* it."

They soon caught a glimpse of the old stone walls of Cedar Grove Hall through the trees, and all thoughts, save those of being once more at home, were quickly driven from their heads.

Mamma was standing on the piazza, and Ned sprang from the carriage the instant it stopped, and rushed up the steps for the first kiss. "Look here, mother!" he exclaimed, throwing off his travelling duster, "I have not told the others yet."

"Epaulets! so you've brought them home at last, dear Ned," said mamma. Her look repaid him for his hard toil, for in truth it had been no easy work for the impetuous boy to win the coveted marks of distinction.

Little Effie made him bend down to show them to her, and then pronounced them a great deal brighter than those which Jem used to wear. But turning to James, she exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, "It's too bad they don't give epaulets at college."

James did not seem to think it so great a deprivation, and when Effie saw how contented he was, she expressed her opinion in a very childlike way: "Well, I think it makes the ugly black coats pretty to have gold bands on them."

Dinner was soon ready, and when the bell rang, Ned caught Jeanie's arm, exclaiming, "Let us see what sort of an assistant-housekeeper you make; if you hav'n't a good dinner for me, I'll never recommend you as cook to my friend the Cham of Tartary. I'm as hungry as a—porcine quadruped!"

"An elegant way of saying an inelegant thing," remarked James. "You had better eat a book on etiquette by way of sauce to your intended grammar meal."

Ned looked back at his brother, and laughingly asked, "Do you intend that remark of

yours by way of sauce, or *sass*, as folks call it up here, at this present time?"

"For once I'll be as inelegant as yourself in my ideas," said Jeanie, "and reply for Jem—certainly, as 'sauce piquante.'"

"French word number one, my education-completed sister. "I'll watch how many more we shall be favored with before dinner is over. Oh, I'm so hungry!"

"But, Ned, it's Fast day," remarked Harry, as they sat down to the table.

"Well, Fast day don't mean that we should starve ourselves, or go without enough food—does it, father?"

"No, my son; but only to take such food as is necessary."

"I thought that that ought to be our rule every day," said Jeanie. "Do we not do wrong when we eat too much, or more than is neces sary?"

"'Too much,' implies the sin of gluttony," replied her father—"'more than is necessary' may mean another thing. For instance, it is not necessary that we should always have dessert; it is unnecessary for you to take a plate of jelly

after your dinner, at the same time it is not wrong unless you have eaten too much already. The merit of keeping Fast day does not consist so much in what we eat or drink, but the spirit with which we lay aside luxuries. But, children, can any of you tell me why the Rogation days are appointed as Fasts?"

Harry repeated what he had learned from his mother that afternoon.

"Rogation week was sometimes called 'Grass-week,'" said Mr. Ruthven; "for the people fasted on salads, eggs, and green sauce. Did your mother explain the old custom of Processioning?"

"Mr. Rivers explained it to us, papa," answered Jeanie; "I will tell you all I can remember." With assistance from Effie and Harry, she managed to recall most of the Rector's information.

"There was another odd custom observed in the County of Kent during Rogation week," continued Mr. Ruthven. "Young men would meet together and run into orchards, making a most frightful noise, and, encircling each tree, they would pronounce the words

'Stand fast, root; bear well, top;
God send us youling sap,
Every twig apple big,
Every bough apple enow.'

For this incantation they expected a payment in money, or they considered a drink equally welcome. I refer to this because it is supposed to be derived from the heathen custom of Processioning, when they supplicated Eolus, god of the winds, for favorable blasts, so this ceremony retains his name with a slight variation. It is called 'youling.'"

Ned, who had not distinguished himself by a remark for some moments, at length asked—"Last year, papa, you told us that the early Christians kept the whole fifty days from Easter to Whitsuntide as a festival—what did they do with the Rogation days in that case?"

"You remember," answered his father, "that even in festivals some fasts were kept, the weekly one of Friday, for example. However, in the Spanish Church, where these fifty days were strictly observed as part of the Easter festival, the Rogation days were deferred by order of council, until Whitsuntide was over."

"How comfortable it is to have a father's

knowledge to depend upon," exclaimed Ned. "I've been trying to solve the question I just asked for ever so long."

"How long is 'ever so long?'" asked his mother.

"Ever since Jem left Valemont. You needn't laugh at me, my wise sister," he continued, for Jeanie was smiling, "for I know a great deal more in regard to Whitsuntide than yourself. I became interested in learning about the festival from a story I read, so I determined to surprise you all by a display of knowledge in case father questions us. Besides, there's nothing like stepping in other peoples' shoes."

"'Other peoples' shoes!' What do you mean?" asked Jeanie.

"Why, when Jem left Valemont for Hartford, he accidentally left his old slippers. I appropriated them, thinking they might make me walk straight, and that perhaps wisdom might be catching. The very first night I wore them, the idea of studying about Whitsuntide came into my head, so now whenever I read, I put on those slippers, and do wonders in the literary line."

"Just as full of your nonsense as ever," whispered Aunt Effie, who sat next to him, and when the laughter caused by Ned's remark had ceased, she asked aloud—"If you read about Whitsuntide, how comes it that you omitted learning something of the preceding days?"

"I left them for somebody else—one festival was enough for me. I was afraid a surfeit of knowledge might injure my brain."

"I am very glad you did," said Jeanie, "for I am *au fait* on the subject of Ascension Day."

"French word number two!" exclaimed Ned. "Why couldn't you say, 'I've read up' on the subject of Ascension Day."

"Because dinner is nearly over," replied Jeanie, laughing, "and I didn't want to disappoint you, for I knew you were watching for a French word. There's an excuse in your own style!"

"Well, really!" said James, "'Othello's occupation's gone'—you've left nothing for *me*."

"You can instruct us about Trinity Sunday," suggested Aunt Effie.

"Then with his elegant language, and Latin

quotations, he'll take the shine off of us in double quick time."

"Pray, Ned, be more choice in your language," said his father. "I hope that in all your studies you have not forgotten the study of yourself. Your careless go-ahead character needs constant watchfulness."

Ned looked thoughtful for a moment, then replied in his own peculiar fashion—"That's a fact, father, and I fear my character will become like the pages of my French exercise book —one mass of corrections!"

"Then those who *copy* from you, dear brother, will be perfect," whispered Jeanie as they left the table.

"Why, you dear old pet!" and Ned threw his arm around her waist—"that's the prettiest thing you've said in a long time; there's a kiss for you. Now let us all go out to the greenhouse; come, Jen, run, see who of us will be there first."

Jeanie gathered up her long dress, and away brother and sister bounded across the lawn, through the western garden, over its high borders of box, until they reached the green-

house door, where Davys stood wondering what had happened to bring the young people in such haste to him, and trembling for his flower beds.

"Oh my 'bonnie Jean,' how you can run," panted Ned who had used every effort before he could outrun his sister.

"And, notwithstanding that you are a biped, you have beaten me by four feet!" exclaimed Jeanie, sinking down upon a garden chair.

"How do you account for a phenomenon so strange?" asked Jem, coming up.

"He was four feet ahead of me," replied Jeanie.

"And counting these two feet, I was six feet ahead," added Ned.

"Settle it for yourselves," said James, "while you are resting; in the meanwhile, Effie and I will secure the largest bouquet."

Davys quite satisfied that nothing unusual had occurred, re-entered the green-house, and busied himself in bunching together the flowers which Effie had chosen.

"Did you ever try the 'spelling game' with flowers?" asked Jeanie. At first the others did

not understand her, but she soon explained to them how it was done, and Effie and Harry selected the flowers for the sentence which James proposed. When they were gathered, the children bid Davys good-night, and returned to the parlor where their parents and Aunt Effie were sitting. James placed a little table before his mother, and laid the sentence flowers upon it.

"Now, mamma, spell out our sentence with the flowers," said Effie, as she nestled close to her mother's side.

The assistance of Aunt Effie and Mr. Ruthven was required before the sentence could be discovered. And what do you think it was? Look at the table now that the flowers are arranged.

Wallflower and Everlasting—these spell WE.

Lily of the Valley, Orange-flower, Violet, and Everlasting—LOVE.

Myrtle, Oleander, Tuberose, Heliotrope, Eglantine and Rosebud—MOTHER. There lies the children's sentence:

We Love Mother.

There it lies, a love innocent and pure as the flowers themselves, offered by young hearts as unacquainted with darkness and gloom, as are the flowers to the chilling blasts of winter.

"Why, there are great big tears in your eyes, mamma," said Effie, looking up to her mother's face—"don't you like the fun of guessing?"

"They'll not be there long, then!" exclaimed Ned, as he put his arms around his mother's neck and kissed away those tears.

Can any smile in the world be more bright, more beautiful, than a mother's! Ah, my little ones, when you wish to know the answer Mrs. Ruthven made to her children, go to your own dear mother, steal softly up to her, and, putting your little hand in hers, whisper—"Mother, I love you." Say it often, dear children—watch the gentle smile which beams from her face, you know not how soon the cold hand of Death may sweep away that smile. Look upon it now—love it while it is yet with you, so that the remembrance of its mild radiance may hallow your lives, until you also enter that land, where parting is unknown—Death never comes.

CHAPTER III.

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!"

BYRON.

MANY years ago, in the neighboring villages of Exeter, England, there existed a popular belief that the figure of a lamb appeared in the east on Ascension morning. Doubtless those who could see the sun dancing at Easter, might also discover the lamb at Ascension.

This superstition was beneficial to the young inmates of Cedar Grove, for it caused them to be up and dressed early the next morning. Jeanie and Harry were mounted upon a huge rock by the lake shore, and were looking towards the eastern mountains, over which the sun had not yet risen, when Effie's voice asked, "Can you see the lamb, Jeanie?" The little

girl had been wandering along the beach and through the grove, seeking early blue violets and pearly starred anemones.

"Not yet," replied Jeanie. "Come up here, Euphie, sit with Harry while I go and find Jem and Ned."

"I saw them in the boat-house a few moments ago," said Effie, as she clambered up the rock. She was soon seated by Harry, who helped her to tie up the flowers in little bouquets.

James and Ned had been over to the woods, and brought home a quantity of trailing arbutus, which Jeanie attempted to seize the moment she saw. "No, my greedy sister," said James, "this is for mother and Aunt Effie."

"But I don't want it for myself—I want to take it to Mr. Rivers, he likes it so much."

"Then he must come home from church with us," said Ned, "and Jem and I will row you over to the woods, so you'll have the trouble of searching for it yourselves!"

"How selfish you are, Ned," replied Jeanie, half pouting, yet smiling at the same time. "You want us to have trouble because you have had it!"

"O well, my dear sister, if you don't want Mr. Rivers to come home with us, here are the flowers; I only thought rowing on the lake would be pleasant this afternoon."

"So it will, Ned; I was in fun when I called you selfish; I'll tell mamma to ask Mr. Rivers. But look at Jem! Where are his thoughts? He's floating off without the oars!

Jeanie spoke just in time. Jem, who had forgotten to moor his boat, was lying in the bow looking at the water, while his oars were on the bank where he had thrown them. In another moment he would have been beyond reach of assistance, and swimming to land his only resource. Fortunately he caught the oars as Ned pitched them to him, and "with his wits about him," as his brother said, he brought the boat to land.

"Well, you 'ancient mariner,' did you think yourself in

'a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean'—

that you took so little care of yourself?" asked Ned.

"No; but I was thinking of a wedding," replied Jem.

"Wedding guest then—who's, I pray?"

"Try and guess."

"Mr. Rivers? We were talking about him."

"Nonsense!" said Jeanie, quickly; "he isn't going to be married."

Her brother looked surprised at the decided tone in which she had spoken, but James only said—"Guess again."

"I don't know—one of Effie's dolls, perhaps."

"The marriage of the Adriatic is the only wedding I can think of to-day," remarked Jeanie.

"You have guessed it," replied Jem. "As I sat here looking on the lake, I happened to think of Venice, and wonder if I would ever go there; then, as it is Ascension Day, the marriage of the sea came into my head."

"Oh come—sit down and tell me all about it," urged Ned. "I didn't know it takes place to-day."

"Use the past tense—it doesn't take place any more," said his sister.

"Never mind—tell me all about it."

"Row out a little way on the lake," said Jeanie, stepping into the boat.

A few strokes of the oar, and "Undine" was left to float over the still waters.

"In the year 1173, Pope Alexander III. was so persecuted by Otho, son of Frederic Barbarossa, that he fled for safety to Venice, and, entering the monastery of St. Charitie, lived for a long time in secret and unknown. When the Venetians discovered who he was, they not only treated him with great respect, but placed their army and navy at his service. In a naval battle, Otho was taken prisoner, and presented by the Venetians as a vassal to the Pope, by Sebastianus Zianus, commander of the fleet. Alexander immediately took a ring off his finger, and giving it to the commander, told him that as long as he kept that ring he should be lord and husband of the ocean, and that he and his posterity on the anniversary of the victory must espouse the sea. Therefore, in memory of this grant, the custom of throwing a ring was annually observed. A splendid barge was built, called the Bucentaur, in which"—

"Stop one moment, Jeanie; do you know the

origin of the word Bucentaur?" As she did not, James continued—"It is thought to be a corruption of 'Ducentorum,' a ship of two hundred oars."

"Thank you—well, in this magnificent ship,[2] the doge, attended by a thousand gondolas and barges, sailed to a place in the Adriatic, called the Apostle gates, situated at the entrance of the gulf. The patriarch who accompanied him poured holy water into the sea, and then the doge dropped a ring of great value repeating these words—'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee.'"

"Desponsamus te Mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii!" repeated James.

"Was the Bucentaur used only for the wedding?" asked Ned.

James replied—"It was built for that ceremony, but I think it was sometimes used on great state occasions, for we find it mentioned at the reception of the Duke of Anjou—Henry III. of France."

"Was he the 'soldier of Navarre?'" asked Jeanie.

"O no!" exclaimed Ned, with unusual spirit, "he was a cruel old coward, but

'Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!'

was quite a different personage."

"Henry IV. was Henry of Navarre," continued James—"he married Margaret of Anjou, sister of Charles IX. and Henry III."

"Certainly, I remember it all now," replied Jeanie. "Catharine de Medicis wanted her son Henry III. to marry Queen Elizabeth, and when he would not, she tried to get the crown of England for his younger brother, Alençon of Anjou. But, Ned, you ought not to call Henry III. a coward, for if I remember rightly, he was the hero of Jarnac and Moncontour when only eighteen years of age."

"Well, perhaps he wasn't a *coward;* yet, Jeanie, he was one of those who encouraged the massacre of St. Bartholomew; he would have murdered Henry of Navarre, had it not been for an extra piece of kindness on the part of Catharine. His own brother, Charles, said he was full of Italian deceit. Never mind him now—go on with the marriage of the Adriatic."

"I have nothing more to tell about it," replied Jeanie.

"Pitch that oar here, Jem," returned Ned. "If that sister of mine can't give me any more mental food, I'll go home and eat my breakfast."

Effie and Harry were still seated on their high look-out as the boat glided a short distance from them. They were too busy to notice it, however, for their eyes were fixed upon the mountain top, over which the sunshine was streaming brighter and brighter. "There hasn't been any 'lamb' this morning," half sighed Effie, "and now the light is too strong for us; well, perhaps we'll see it next Ascension Day."

"Let's try and be as good as we can, Effie, for perhaps only good people see it," replied Harry.

"But why can't naughty people see it, too?" asked Effie; "I didn't think it really meant any thing."

"Why, you know a lamb is a type of our Saviour, and in memory of His Ascension from earth we keep this day; so I suppose old superstitious people thought they could see His type, if they looked for it in the east."

"I didn't think so much about it before,"

replied Effie; "it's pretty to believe, only I don't think it's true."

The sun was far above the mountain now, so the children scrambled down from the rock, and raced after Jeanie and the boys, towards the house.

The arbutus was much admired, and it looked very beautiful on the table in the little Parian vase where Jeanie put it. "Who is our authority for Ascension Day?" asked Mr. Ruthven as the children took their seats at the table.

"Jeanie," replied Ned. "She began her information this morning, and told me all about the wedding of Miss Venice to Mr. Adriatic; but she forgot to tell how the bride was dressed."

"Go and search in 'Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels,' or the Enclyopedia, or—"

"There, my dear sister, subside—that first big word is enough; I'll graciously suppose any amount of Venetian splendor." So saying, Ned devoted himself to the muffins.

"Well, my son, since you're quiet," said Mr. Ruthven, "I'll ask the question I intended asking a few moments ago. Jeanie, can you tell

me whether Ascension Day has ever been called by any other name?"

"It was called Holy Thursday in the time of Alfred the Great."

"Can it come on any day but Thursday?"

"No, papa; because the Bible tells us that Christ remained upon earth forty days after His resurrection, so the Church has placed it forty days after Easter, to be held on the Thursday next but one preceding Whit-Sunday. Some writers tell us that it was observed in the year 68, and St. Augustine speaks of it as instituted by the Apostles, or by some early Council."

"This evening we will hear more about it," said her father, "we must get through breakfast now, for Church goes in at ten o'clock, and some of us will have to walk."

"It is a glorious morning for walking," observed James; "will you come, with Jeanie and me, Aunt Effie?"

Mrs. Howard assented, and in a short time they set out. The spring breeze, laden with the perfume of apple-blossoms floated with sunshine through the Copake valley. Violets peeped from their hiding-places by the corners of

fences, and from beneath the large stones which lay along the roadside; dandelions looked up with their mimic stare of defiance, while the daisy, with its white fringed centre of gold, swayed on its slender stem as if trying to kneel beneath the dome of "God's great temple here."

Jeanie gathered the brightest of the flowers which surrounded the path, and when her own hands could hold no more, she begged Aunt Effie to help her carry them.

"Why, Jen, what will you do with so many flowers?" asked James.

"Since you've asked me, Jem, I will tell you; but neither Aunt Effie nor yourself must repeat it. A few days ago I took a walk through the church-yard—you know there are a great many old tomb-stones there—well, on one of them there is this inscription,—the name has been effaced—

'AGED 17.

ASCENSION DAY, 1757,

CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS.'

The grave is so covered with briars and weeds, that I am sure there is no one to take care of it, and I thought as the age is the same as mine, I would try and make the little mound look as if friends were near—so I'm going to lay these flowers upon it to-day."

"Doesn't the parish record tell who is buried there?" asked her brother.

"No; Mr. Rivers has looked, but at that time there was no settled rector here, so it must have been omitted through carelessness on the part of those who had charge of the records."

"May we not hope," said Aunt Effie, "that although the name has been effaced here on earth, it is written in our Saviour's Book of Life! And, Jeanie, as all of our good acts are remembered in Heaven, even this little thoughtfulness of yours will not be forgotten. Christ remembers all of His children, and those who honor them, honor Him. We will doubtless hear the name of this young stranger, if we are ever worthy to enter the Home our Saviour this day entered to prepare for us."

"If we in heart and mind thither ascend," repeated Jeanie. "Oh, Aunt Effie, how strange

it seems that Christ has really ascended with our human nature to Heaven!"

"On such a day as this, we can imagine how glorious His Ascension must have been. We can picture to ourselves how Christ, after charging His disciples not to leave Jerusalem until they had received the promised Comforter, led them out of the city to the Mount of Olives nearest to Bethany. Here He told them to go forth and baptize in His Name; they as His witnesses were to bear the story of His life to the uttermost parts of the earth. Then He gave them His blessing, and as the last words of that blessing died away, a cloud received Him out of their sight."

"I once read an old story of a soldier pilgrim," said James, "who journeyed through the Holy Land, as nearly as he could in the footsteps of our Saviour; and when he came to the Mount of Olives, when he stood by that spot where our Saviour's feet last pressed the earth, he knelt and prayed—'Behold, Lord, I have sought thee diligently everywhere, and now that I am come to the place where Thou didst ascend into Heaven, where can I seek

Thee more? Let my spirit depart and come to Thee, that I may see Thee sitting in glory at the right hand of the Father.' And while he was still speaking, God heard his prayer and called him home."

"Yes, it is a very beautiful story, and teaches us a beautiful lesson."

"What authority have we, for the very old tradition, that Christ left the print of His feet upon the Mount of Olives?" inquired Jeanie.

"St. Jerome says they were visible in his time," replied her aunt; "and we know that he lived in the fourth century, but it is probable that a natural indentation was mistaken for the mark of a human foot."

When they reached the church-yard, Jeanie found that she had time enough to go to the unknown grave. James went with her, and by his help the tangled brambles were soon cut away, and flowers scattered over the neglected mound. "One hundred years of Paradise! Oh, Jamie, what a strangely beautiful thought," whispered Jeanie, as they turned from the grave. "One hundred years ago, to-

day, that young being entered the Church Triumphant."

The bell had ceased tolling as they entered, and the organ was filling the church with a solemn, mysterious strain, but it changed to a joyous burst of melody as the white-robed priest entered the chancel, and as he knelt in silent prayer, it melted again into a trembling minor.

Ascension Day is one of the six holy days for which special Psalms are appointed, and the Psalms themselves are direct prophesies of the Ascension. In the morning we are reminded how our Saviour ascended the holy hill, the highest Heaven, of which Mount Sion was a type, while the last Psalm foretells that He put all His enemies to flight, and was exalted in His own strength to everlasting honor, and had a crown of pure gold set upon His head. The first evening Psalm is that which David composed when the Ark was placed in the house which he had prepared for it, in Mount Sion. Christ is our Ark, heaven is our Sion, and, as Christ has entered there, we still chant as did the Jews of old, "Lift up your

heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

St. Chrysostom, in alluding to this festival, beautifully observes. "On this day we, who had been shown to be unworthy of earth, were raised to the hope of heaven; we, who were not fit to receive dominion even on earth below, were exalted to the kingdom which is above; and our nature, kept out by cherubim from an earthly paradise, may now sit above the cherubim on high."

Such was the sum of Mr. Rivers's explanation of the services of the day. He told them also how the Church, from the earliest ages of Christianity, had set apart this day in thankful acknowledgment to God for His acceptance of our Saviour's sacrifice. Even here, on earth, we look upon the right hand as the place of honor and respect; and it was to God's right hand of power and glory that Christ was exalted. With the same body in which He walked here on earth, He now intercedes beside His Father's throne for us. When the black cloud of our sins seem to

shut out the light of our Father's countenance, let but our cry for mercy reach our Saviour's ear, and He will stretch forth His nail-pierced hands between God's judgment and our deservings. When temptations lead us astray—when God's wrath is kindling against us—our Elder Brother points to His Bloody Sweat, and again utters that agonizing cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." When death, the punishment of our sins, would shut us out from the Kingdom of God, His cry of triumph cheers the parting soul, "O Death, I will be thy plague; O Grave, I will be thy destruction!" Christ has ascended into Heaven, thither may our hearts and minds ascend, and with Him may we continually dwell.

The morning service was ended, and the congregation had left the church. A few groups still lingered in the church-yard, some bending over the graves of their children, while others sought the grassy mounds, beneath which their parents were sleeping. The grave had no terrors for them, for Christ had overcome death by His glorious Ascension.

"How thankful we ought to be," whispered Mrs. Ruthven to her husband, "that God has not taken our children from us."

"And that He has not made us orphans," thought Jeanie, as she overheard her mother's remark while following to the carriage.

Mr. Ruthven determined to walk home with the boys, and Mr. Rivers promised to join them. Tim, who had taken Effie and Harry on the front seat with him, was quite shocked that the Rector should walk when there was a vacant seat. "Nebber mind," said the old man, "he's a young gem'man—bime-by he get old, like Tim, then he'll be for usin' hosses' legs 'stead his own."

CHAPTER IV.

"Now each ethereal gate,
To Him hath opened been,
And glory's King, in state,
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
To the most holy place,
Not without blood addressed,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown
with grace." WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

ROWING across the lake was pleasant enough, but the search for trailing arbutus proved slow work. Apart from the lateness of the season, Ned had turned over the dried leaves so thoroughly, in the morning, that Jeanie was obliged to strike off in a new direction. Effie and Harry were more successful; they seemed to go at once to the right spot, for at the end of an hour their bunches were larger than the rest of the party's put together. James had strolled off into the woods with Aunt Effie.

"I wonder why they've gone so far?" said Effie, when they did not reply to Ned's call.

"Jem's gone to look for ideas—or acorns; he wants to frame them."

"Which—the ideas or the acorns?" asked Jeanie, quickly.

"The acorns, to be sure," replied Ned, laughing; "but if he finds ideas, he will frame them, too. It's just the way he used to do at school, when he had to write a composition; poking right off to the woods, and when he came home, wouldn't he write though! I'll call him once more." And then Ned gave a whoop, so loud and long that Effie and Harry stopped their ears, declaring he would deafen them with his noise.

He ceased; but immediately from the hill-top came another, so shrill and piercing that Ned jumped up and down, and declared it was "overpoweringly startling to his weak nerves." Nearer and nearer came the yell; they heard the crackling of boughs, and the rustling of dried leaves. In another moment the branches of a small pine tree parted, and a dark, swarthy face peered out upon them. Ned, who only

caught a glimpse of the face, stood, as if hesitating for a moment what to do, but Harry dashed forward, and was actually upon the other side of the tree before Ned had decided how to act.

"He! he! Master Harry, bravest of 'em all," laughed old Tim, as he made his appearance with Harry mounted on his shoulder; "old Tim tried to frighten Master Ned—guess he did, too."

"Oh Tim, was it you?" exclaimed Jeanie; "I did not see the whole of your face, and, not expecting you here, did not recognize you."

Mrs. Howard and James now joined them. He soon explained how Tim and Davys had come over to help him find some azalia, which was just beginning to bloom. They were coming down the hill when they heard Ned's call. Tim, who knew how to give the real Indian war-whoop, answered it; then he and Davys had run down, making all the noise they could with their feet and hands, on purpose "to give Master Ned a grand 'scare.'"

"I let Mr. Rivers see me, tho', afore I put my head thro' 'e tree," said Tim, in a consider-

ate tone of voice; "old Tim wouldn't like to scare a gem'man; no, no."

"I could easily have been deceived by your yell, Tim," said Mr. Rivers; "and if there were any wild Indians in this part of the country, I should have thought them rushing upon us."

"Tim's gran'ma was a Stockbridge Injin: Tim's got some Injin blood in him, any how." Insensibly the old man drew himself up to his full height, and glanced proudly around. He was evidently as proud of his descent, as many whose veins are filled with more noted, but more ignoble blood.

Davys now made his appearance with a large bunch of rose-colored azalia, and James took upon himself the task of dividing it into equal shares. The rest of the day was spent in wandering through the woods, until time for evening service came, and then they gathered together their flowers, and rowed home, over the lake, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven waiting for them in the wagon on the lake shore.

They had a merry time crowding into the wagon, which was made to hold six, but this afternoon nine were to be stowed into it. Effie

and Ned took the front seat beside their father, who acted as coachman. "Plenty of room, Jem!" shouted Ned, as he turned and saw his brother trying to find a place between Jeanie and Aunt Effie. "Take Jeanie in your arms, and if she proves rather heavy, just comfort yourself with the reflection that you can walk home."

"No, no," replied Jeanie; "Tim has put the saddle on Ripton—Jem can be outrider."

"You shall ride home," said James, when he saw the longing look which Ned cast towards the horse; "or, if you wish, you may have him now."

Ned preferred driving, so he kept his place by his father.

One of the pleasantest sights in the lovely village of Woodneath, is its church during evening service. All those who can be spared from their homes are within its sacred walls. They do not lose time on week days, by stopping to dress in their best clothes; when the bell rings, they hasten just as they are, to kneel together in God's house, to join in one common prayer. Side by side is the wealthy farmer and his poor

laboring man; side by side sits the poor sewing-girl with her wealthy mistress: no well-cushioned pews, with their doors, divide the rich from the poor, for in God's house, as in God's sight, they are all equal.

Service lasted but a short time. Mr. Rivers read the evening prayer, and part of one of the homilies prepared for Ascension Day. When Church was out, Effie walked home with Jeanie and her father. She did not race over the fields, as usual, but kept hold on her father's hand. "Will next Sunday be Whit-Sunday, Effie?" he asked, wishing to see if she remembered what Jeanie had told them in the morning.

"Why no, papa," she replied, "it will be the Sunday after Ascension Day · but the next Sunday after will be Whit-Sunday."

"Now, can you tell me by what name next Sunday, and the week after it, is sometimes called?"

Effie shook her head, but Jeanie answered, "Expectation Sunday, and the same name is given to the week, for it was the time the Apostles prayed together in expectation of the Comforter which Christ promised to them."

"Yes; you know the Bible tells us that after Christ had ascended, they returned to Jerusalem, where they continued 'in prayer and supplication.' Did you tell me all you had found about Ascension Day, this morning, dear Jeanie?"

"I think I did, papa. Although I read a great deal, and gathered many beautiful thoughts upon the festival, I did not find much that I can repeat. I learned, however, that the Church has not only appointed special psalms and lessons, but in the Communion office there is a special preface for this day."

"What is a 'preface,' papa?" asked Effie.

"It is a short prayer which is offered just before the trisagion—'Therefore with angels and archangels.'"

"Oh, yes! I remember it now; Mr. Rivers said it this morning; but sometimes there isn't any Preface, is there, papa?"

"For the ordinary communion there is none, but you will find them appointed for Christmas, Easter, Ascension, and the seven days after. There is one for Whit-Sunday and six days after, because Trinity Sunday is the seventh day after Whit-Sunday, its octave, and there is a special

preface appointed for that day. While I think of it, Jeanie," he continued, turning to her, "can you tell me any thing about the Collect for the Sunday after Ascension."

"Was it not the one which the venerable Bede repeated as he was dying?"

"The collect which he repeated was the one the Church used before the Reformation. In the year 1549, a new one was composed, or, rather, the present ending was added to the old, beginning with the words, 'Exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before'—and this was the fact to which I wished to call your attention. The collect for Ascension Day itself is the same which the Church has always used."

"By-the-by, papa, it is not exactly apropos to our conversation, but I heard you say, when talking to Mr. Rivers the other day, that the Lord's Prayer, of which I had always thought our Saviour himself was the author, was taken from the Jewish Ritual."

"Then you did not quite understand me. Our Saviour did *compose* it; that is, He selected passages from the Jewish Ritual, and made

a prayer from them;[3] but every word of it was taken from Jewish forms of worship that were used long before our Blessed Lord's Advent. But to go back to our subject, you know that we have often seen that the Jewish Church was a type of our own. At Easter, I explained how their Passover prefigured Christ our Passover; and now, Jeanie, can you tell me of any ceremony which typifies our Ascension Day?"

After thinking for a few moments, she replied: "The day of Atonement, when the high-priest entered the Holy of Holies."

"Yes; but do you know any thing about this Day of Expiation as it is sometimes called; at what time was it kept?"

"On the tenth day of the month Tisri, which answers to our September or October. It was the first month of the Jews' civil year, but the seventh of their sacred year."

"The Jews said that Satan had no power to do any harm to their nation at this time," continued Mr. Ruthven, "and there are many other traditions concerning it. On this day Adam repented, and was reconciled to God;

Moses came down from the mount, for the last time, with the second tables, upon which God had written His commandments. On this last tradition Mahomet founded his annual fast in the month Ramadan, when, as he said, the Koran was sent down from Heaven. Not much dependence, however, can be placed upon these traditions. But, Jeanie, was the day of atonement kept as a feast, or a fast?"

"As a fast. It was kept from the evening of the ninth to the evening of the tenth day. It was an atonement for the sins of the whole nation, which they had committed during the previous year."

"The sacrifice which more particularly typifies our Saviour's atonement was that of the two goats, which the congregation brought to the high-priest. He, placing them before the tabernacle, in the sight of the people, drew lots, to see which one would be the scape-goat, and which the sacrifice. Jewish rabbies affirm that the lots were drawn in the following manner: An urn was brought, into which the high-priest threw two wooden votes, on one of these was written, 'For the Lord;' on the

other, 'Azazel,' the word which we translate 'scape-goat,' and after shaking them up, he drew them forth, one in each hand. As the goats stood by his side, their fate was decided by the lot that came up in the hand next to them. If the right held 'For the Lord,' it was considered a good omen, and we are told that during the priesthood of Simeon the just, he always drew forth the Lord's in his right hand.

"Having offered the sacrifice, the high-priest entered the Holy of Holies, where, after burning incense, he sprinkled the blood before the mercy-seat. As blood was the life of the animal, it typified to the people that life went to redeem life. When he came again before the congregation, he laid his hand upon the head of the scape-goat, and confessed the sins of the people, transferring them, as it were, to the animal which was then led away to the wilderness." (4)

"How strange it is, father, that the Jews cannot see that their whole temple service was, as you say, a type of ours. I thought of it this afternoon, when Mr. Rivers, after the ser-

mon, said that prayer which is used on Good Friday for all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics. It seemed almost as appropriate for this day, when our real High-Priest entered into the real Holy of Holies, as for that solemn one, on which He offered the real atonement."

"The whole temple service on their day of atonement, seems wonderfully prefigurative of Christ," continued Mr. Ruthven. "In the first place, their high-priest laid aside his golden woven vestments, just as Christ laid aside His glory, 'which He had with the Father, before the world was.' Two goats you know, were brought, one typified the divine, the other, the human nature of Christ. The goat therefore which was slain, prefigured His human nature, and its death; while the goat that lived, pointed out His resurrection. The priest laid his hand on the head of the scape-goat, and confessed the sins of the people; so Christ was made sin for us; you remember that St. Paul, as if he had this figure in his mind, tells us that 'the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'

"Then again, when the sacrifice was accom-

plished, the high-priest, with the blood of the victims, went into the Holy of Holies to sprinkle it before the mercy-seat. He sprinkled it *eastward*, for the mercy-seat stood at the east. In the east Christ was born, and there, Christ in His human form, the print of the nails still visible in His hands and feet, ascended into heaven, the Holy of Holies, where the throne of God was the mercy seat, before which He showed His wounds for *our* transgressions. No longer was needed the blood of goats and calves; no longer was the high-priest to enter the Holy of Holies, for Christ, both priest and sacrifice, has presented an offering for the sins of the *whole* world! The high-priest only, of the Jews, went into the Holy of Holies; no other ever entered there. Christ, the High Priest, both of the Jews and Gentiles, has entered Heaven, and there He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

As Mr. Ruthven ceased speaking, he glanced at the young faces beside him. Both were looking upward, as if to their sight the glory of heaven itself had been revealed. Gazing

upwards, as did those men of Galilee, while gorgeous clouds, tinged with a parting gleam of heavenly glory gathered over Mount Olivet, and wrapt from their sight earth's last High-Priest, even Christ our God.

Jeanie was the first to turn her face earthward, then silently followed her father down the little knoll where, for a moment, they had been standing. Not so Effie; still looking upwards, there the little one stood, her bonnet thrown back, while a golden ray from the setting sun, glancing through her soft hair, seemed to fling a halo around her lovely face. Her hands, filled with harebells and daisies, were clasped as when repeating her childish prayers—her little feet scarcely seemed to press the ground, so slightly bending beneath them were the meadow flowers.

James, who had driven the carriage home, walked back over the fields to meet his father and sisters. "Where's Euphie?" was his first question, as he met Jeanie coming towards him, alone. But the next moment he caught sight of the knoll where his little sister was standing. "Oh, father!" he exclaimed,

"how like an angel she is! I'm almost afraid she'll fly away."

There was no danger of that; wherever the dear child's thoughts had been wandering, they came back again the moment Jamie's voice fell upon her ear. "Catch me, Jamie," she called out. "O, I'm so glad you've come to meet us!"

The breeze, waving by, caught up her silvery laugh, and patter, patter tripped her little feet down the daisy-dotted hill-side, till, with a bound, she sprang into Jem's outstretched arms, and clasped her own tightly around his neck.

Pressing her closely to him, he started and ran some distance over the meadow, but Effie soon begged to be put on her own feet, for she was afraid her brother was tired carrying her. His only reply was to lift her on his shoulder, and walk back towards their father and Jeanie. "You have been a long time walking home," he said, as he joined them. "I think father must have been teling you stories."

"Not stories," replied Jeanie; "but he has

been telling us about the Jewish ceremonies on the day of atonement."

"Ah! that reminds me of something I wished to talk to you about, father"— James placed Effie on the ground and took her little hand in his. "While reading some customs of the Egyptians, the other day, I found that they had a ceremony very like that of the Jewish atonement. Once a year they sacrificed a white bull to their god, Apis. They cut off the head of the animal, to which their priests confessed the sins of the people, and then they cast it into the Nile, or sold it to the Greeks.

"Also, among the ancient Greeks, I find that it was customary to kill a man, every year, for the safety of the people. After pronouncing over him the words, 'Be thou the purifier,' they threw him into the sea, as a sacrifice to Neptune."

"Do you remember any incident in the Æneid, where Virgil probably alluded to this custom?" asked Mr. Ruthven.

"In the storm which scatters the Trojan fleet

before they land in Italy," replied James, "the pilate, Palinurus, falls into the sea, and

> 'Unum pro multis, dabitur caput:'
> 'One life is given for the preservation of many.'

This is the only incident I remember, father."

"It is the one to which I referred—"

"But, papa," broke in Effie, "wasn't it very awful to take life in that way?"

"To be sure it was, my dear," replied her father; "but it serves to show us how strongly they felt the necessity of offering a sacrifice for their sins. In ancient times, when the City of Marseilles was afflicted with any plague or pestilence, the inhabitants made it a custom to take one of the poorer citizens, who offered himself for that purpose, and after feeding and clothing him for a year, they would lead him around the city; then, having prayed that all the evil to which the city was exposed might fall upon him, they threw him from a high rock, an offering, as it were, for their sins.

"The Hindoos also recognized the importance of a sin-offering of blood. Every year a horse, after being led through the wilderness, was sacri-

ficed—and I could easily show you that every nation have, in some rude way, typified the one great atonement which Christ our Saviour has made for the sins of the whole world."

"Then, papa, why don't every body go to Church on Ascension Day, when they know how much they ought to thank God for a sacrifice so wonderful as that which Jesus made for us."

"Ah! my dear little one, those who neglect the festivals and fasts which our holy Church has appointed, must answer that question for themselves. Our church door is open to them all: we can urge them to enter, but we must set them the example, Effie."

"I mean to try to do so, papa, for you know" —and she commenced singing a ballad which the children often sang on Sunday evenings—

'I love the Church—the holy Church,
The Saviour's spotless bride;
And oh, I love her palaces
Through all the land so wide!
The cross-topped spire amid the trees,
The holy bell of prayer;
The music of our Mother's voice,
Our Mother's home is there.'"

As she ceased, Jeanie, who was leaning on her brother's arm, continued:

"'I love the Church—the holy Church,
That o'er our life presides;
The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
And many an hour besides!
Be mine, through life, to live in her,
And, when the LORD shall call,
To die in her—the spouse of CHRIST—
The Mother of us all.'"

Hand in hand, the happy sisters and brother hastened homeward, for the sun had gone down, and the dew was falling fast.

As they reached the lodge-gate, they met Ned rushing towards them with two heavy shawls. "Oh, father!" he exclaimed; "I believe if you were my brother, mother would give you a real hard scolding, for keeping Effie and Jeanie out so long! Come, Jem, wrap them up quick, or they'll have coughs, colds, croup, and—oh, I'm out of breath!"

Tossing the shawls into Jem's hand, he leaned against a large maple tree which shaded the lodge; but he seemed to regain his breath as rapidly as it had gone, for he went on—"Oh, the pony cut up like mad with me, coming home, but he didn't pitch me off; and after I took him in the stable, Harry and I hunted for the eggs,

and Biddy gave us some to hang up in the garret!"

"Why, Ned!"—Effie's eyes were wide open with surprise—"what's the use of eggs in the garret?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied her brother, laughing; "but when we brought the eggs to Biddy, she said that in Ireland they used to hang some of the eggs laid on Ascension Day in the roof of the house to preserve it from harm. And, father, she told us how they used to take a piece of rope, on Ascension Day, and make a cross on a cheese with it; then, whenever a great tempest came on, they would run out of doors and take a piece of cheese to bless themselves with."

When the laughter which Ned's recital of Biddy's superstitions occasioned had subsided, Mr. Ruthven told them that this singular custom was not peculiar to Ireland.

"I guess it was because they loved cheese," said Effie.

"But the eggs in the garret—I should think the rats would get them," remarked Jeanie.

"Biddy told me the rats were all down in the cellar," interposed Effie.

"Even if they are," continued her sister, "don't you know the rats could go up and get them, and take them down stairs again?"

The little girl opened her eyes wider than ever. "Rats bring eggs down from a garret!" she exclaimed.

"To be sure," answered James. "Can you guess how they manage it?"

"No," replied both Effie and Ned.

"One rat lies down on his back, and holds the egg in his four paws, or feet; then the other rats take hold of his tail, and pull him down stairs."

"Oh, Jamie! is that true?" Effie laughed at the idea.

"I've never seen it done," answered James.

"The rats may think their notion a good one," said Ned, "but I'm sure they'd find it easier to pull the egg-carrier down stairs by his head; it would keep his fur smooth."

"What a remarkable amount of thoughtfulness for you, Ned," said Jeanie, joining in the laughter. "I'm sure a race to the front door

would be good for you, after such unusual mental exertion."

Away he darted; even James and Jeanie followed. But Effie was the first to reach her mother's side, which proved to be the goal for which they were all pressing forward, and not the "front door," as Jeanie had proposed.

CHAPTER V.

"Come, ... kinsman, this is the way;
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight."
TITUS ANDRONICUS, act iv. scene iii.

DAYS passed away—quietly enough, it would seem, to a casual observer—but they were days of great happiness to the brothers and sisters, once again assembled in the old stone house.

Ned, notwithstanding the amount of reading upon Whitsuntide, which he said he had gone through at school, found that his father had some books on the subject which he had not seen. Determined to gather all the information he could, he set to work in good earnest, and for two or three hours every day shut himself in his own room. Such exemplary conduct on the part of Master Ned occasioned consider-

able surprise to his brother and sisters. They could not imagine what he was doing, for he preserved a mysterious silence whenever they knocked at his door, during his hours of retirement.

On the Wednesday following Ascension Day, when they were all at lunch, Mr. Ruthven asked, "Where have you been for the last few mornings, Ned? You must have been in retirement, for the house has been unusually quiet."

They waited in almost breathless expectation for his answer, nor was their surprise abated, when he replied: "Pitching into books, papa; studying as hard as I can. Believe me or not, as you choose," he added, seeing the incredulous expression of their faces, "but I shall know more than Jem about Whitsuntide, and when father questions us, he will not be able to tell a single thing that I do not know as well! There, now I've told you why I've quitted your delectable society."

"After all your study, I believe Jem will manage to know something that you do not," remarked Jeanie.

"Only let him try," returned Ned, with a confident air.

"Let me give you one piece of advice, my son," said his father; "remember to use moderation in every thing; do not, as you say, 'pitch into' a subject so desperately for a few days, and then as quickly throw it aside."

Ned promised to try and follow his father's advice, but he complained that using moderation was dull work.

"'Fits and starts' seems to be your maxim," said his brother.

"'Slow and sure' is yours, I suppose, Jamie," replied Jeanie.

"'Be aisy wid ye,' as Biddy says," interposed Ned. "Now, just watch me for the next two days. Saturday I don't promise to study."

Ned kept his resolution, and on Thursday and Friday he talked of nothing but the number of pages he had read, and the "quantity of information" he had gained. These words sounded queerly coming from him.

"Are you going to repeat it *all* to us?" asked Effie, at the dinner-table, on Friday. "It will take us every evening next week to listen to you."

Her brother could not help smiling at the martyr-like tone of her voice; but his father, fearing that Effie's remark might discourage Ned, replied: "I think your brother can manage to make the subject interesting for one evening, at least; and if he does not, Effie, we will turn him out of the chair, and"—

"Make you take his place, papa," interrupted Effie, quickly.

Saturday morning came. After breakfast, Ned gathered up his books and took them to the library; then he wandered off to look for his sisters, but Effie had gone to ride with Harry, and Jeanie was busy in her own room. Off he started to the barn-yard, where he amused himself feeding the chickens and pigs; but he soon tired of this, so he went in the stable to talk to Tim. As he was returning towards the house, his father met him, and invited him to accompany him to Woodneath. "I'll be with you in a moment, father," he replied; "but I'm on my way, just now, with a message for Jem. How soon do you start?"

"At ten o'clock: I shall be gone until dinner time," answered his father.

Jeanie was sewing in the library, and James

was reading to her. "'In Denmark, the day before Whit-Sunday is called Voldborg's Day.'" This was the first sentence Ned heard as he opened the door. "There!" he exclaimed; "the very first word I hear is 'Whit-Sunday.' I actually believe you have got hold of something I don't know, after all my study! But Tim wants to know if you'd like to have a ride on horseback; Effie and Harry have gone long ago, and I'm going to Woodneath with father."

"Well, Jeanie, what do you say?" asked James, as he half closed his book. Jeanie looked at her brother for a moment, but he, guessing her design, added—"I do not care to go this morning if you are busy."

"Why, she's only darning stockings," interposed Ned.

"Which *you* have *only* torn," she smilingly replied, as she held up a sock marked "E. R."

"Never mind, Jeanie," said Ned, crossing the room, and making a necklace of his arms for her; "I can go without stockings, or, if you'll show me how, I'll mend them myself."

"I can mend them sooner than to teach you the way; but the stockings are not keeping me

at home. I think that we shall enjoy a ride better this afternoon—it makes me stupid to ride in the morning."

"Ah, that's comforting!" James gave a very contented grunt, and, settling himself in his arm-chair, re-opened his book.

"Well, it's comforting to *me*," interrupted Ned, "to learn that 'riding in the morning,' and not nature, is to blame for my sister's—I won't say what!"

"You'd better not *think* it, either, or I'll pelt you with stocking-balls, as there is no snow on the ground."

"Oh! then, I'll think as I always have done, that nature is to blame!"

"There, take that!" and Jeanie hit him on his nose with a pair of folded stockings. "And that, and that!"

Ned returned them, as fast as Jeanie flung them, and they kept up quite a game of ball, until Jem protested against 'knuckle there' in the library, and suggested that he should be left in peace and quiet, to continue his Danish researches.

"Any old customs?" quickly asked Ned,

but without giving them a chance to reply, he darted out of the room, exclaiming,—"Hold on —wait till I tell Tim you don't want the horses."

"What a customer for customs he is," said James. "I believe if it was customary for one to walk on one's head, he'd try it."

"He ought to live in the Custom House," remarked Jeanie.

"My brilliant sister!" returned Jem, "how long did it take you to think of all that?"

In a few moments Ned returned, and settling himself down in listening attitude, James continued reading. It was an account of Voldborg's Day, at which time the young people in Denmark celebrate what they call the "riding in of summer." Dressed in their best they set forth, accompanied with a band of music, and young girls bearing garlands of flowers. After riding through various villages, and inviting all the young people they met to join them, which invitation is given by flinging wreaths of flowers at them, they assembled at some house, and there partook of a grand feast. When James finished this account, he turned

over the leaves of the book, at Ned's request, to find another custom.

"I suppose these feasts are like the Whitsun Ales, which were very common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in England," said Jeanie.

"'Whitsun Ales;' were they good to drink?" asked Ned, who had not understood Jeanie's remark.

"Undoubtedly there was something good to drink," she replied; "but 'ale' was a term which signified festival, or 'merry making.' The Whitsun Ale was a feast, given by parishioners at Whitsuntide. Two young men of the parish were chosen by those of the year before, to be 'wardens,' as they were called, whose duty it was to collect provisions, and brew ale for this feast."

"Do you know the supposed origin of these 'ales,' as they were called?" asked James.

"Papa was telling me a few days ago, of the 'Love feasts,' or feasts of charity, called Agapæ among the early Christians—do you refer to these?"

James assented, and would have continued

reading, but Ned stopped him, by asking what these love feasts were.

He replied, "The term, Agapæ, is derived from a Greek word, signifying love or charity. These feasts were celebrated in connection with the Lord's supper, though not a necessary part of it. At first they were held in private houses, or retired places, where Christians met for religious worship. After churches were built, they were held in them, until abuses checked the practice altogether."

"Then it was a religious feast," said Ned, "but the Ales were merry makings."

"Certainly; I only said the supposed origin of the Ales were the love feasts." (5)

"Well, go on and tell me all about them."

James continued—"Before partaking of this feast, the guests washed their hands, and prayers were offered by the Bishop and Presbyters, who always presided; then a portion of Scripture was read, and the people catechized upon it; accounts of their own, and other Churches given them, so Christians became acquainted, and ready to assist each other. Letters from Bishops and eminent members of the Church

were also read, and the acts of Martyrs recited. Psalms and hymns were sung. At the close of the feast, money was collected for widows and orphans, poor and afflicted prisoners, and those who had been shipwrecked. Before parting, the guests kissed each other, in token of brotherly love, and then again joined in prayer. There, Ned, I've given you a very condensed account of a very long affair."

"We are both obliged to you," replied Jeanie. "But, Jem, have you forgotten that in North Germany there are several feasts like the English Ales? In the villages of Brunswick, for instance, they collect food, and take it to what they call a Whitsuntide field, and there eat it."

"I had quite forgotten it," answered her brother. "All of these customs can, doubtless, be traced back to the festivals of the early Christians."

The bell for luncheon rang as James ceased speaking; and Ned, although he thanked his brother for telling him about the Agapæ, expressed great satisfaction at the prospect of having something to eat himself.

Effie and Harry, who had just returned from their ride, were already seated at the table when Jeanie and her brothers entered. Effie's round hat, which she had thrown down on the sofa, was decked with bunches of azalia and branches of birch-leaves, which she had gathered while passing through the woods, while Harry's riding-cap bore three or four immense "cat-tails," which showed that they had ridden towards the outlet of Copake Lake, where these curious reeds grew in abundance. The button-holes of his coat, as well as those of his little cousin's riding-habit, were filled with adder-tongue violets and maiden's-hare-brake, while bright yellow Solomon's seal drooped its leaves as if thirsting for its native swamp. On the table lay a bunch of fragrant pond lilies. "Mr. Rivers sent those to mamma," said Effie, as Jeanie took them up to look at. "He had a whole handful of them."

"Why, have you been into Woodneath, dressed off with all those flowers?"

"Oh no, Ned," replied Harry; "we met Mr. Rivers on the road, near the outlet, and

he cut off those cat-tails for me. Did you go to Woodneath with uncle?"

"No; Jeanie and Jem have been reading, so I stayed home with them. But here comes mamma—now for something to eat."

"I wonder if you know how appropriate birch leaves are, for the Whitsuntide holidays?" asked James, who sat beside Effie and amused himself with peeling off, and eating some of the young bark, from the branch which lay in her lap.

"What do you mean, Jamie?" replied his little sister. "What's 'how *appropriate?*'"

"This birch; for in the book which Jeanie and I were looking over this morning, we found that not only in England,[6] but in the North German provinces, every thing was decorated with birch, or 'may,' as they call it, at Whitsuntide. In Germany they sometimes have a birch queen and king; it is like the May-day queen in England."

"Aunt Effie, don't you begin to feel jealous?" asked Ned, looking over towards his aunt, who sat at the head of the table, near Jeanie.

"Jealous! Of whom?" she asked in return.

"Why, you know that you used to be our 'Popular Antiquities,' but Jem has taken your place, lately. College has made a regular 'Cyclopedia' of him."

"Oh, Ned!" broke in Effie, who always stood ready to take Jem's part, although she didn't quite understand what they were talking about. "Jamie's got two eyes, and my mythology says that 'Cyclopedia' had only one eye!"

Poor Euphie was utterly dismayed by the shout of laughter which greeted this innocent, but, as she thought, learned remark.

"Are you not thinking of Cyclops, dear Euphie?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes!" and then Effie laughed, too. "But tell me, Ned," she added, "who was Cyclopedia?"

"I'll show you one of them after lunch. Encyclopedia is the most correct name, and it's a—a—what is it, Jem?"

"Oh, Ned! you use such big words, you don't know what they mean yourself, half

the time;" and Effie gave a mischievous glance towards her brother.

James, meanwhile, looked wonderfully thoughtful. He knew perfectly well that the term came from three Greek words—en, meaning in; kuklos, a circle; paideia, sciences—but he did not know exactly how to make it plain to his little sister.

Aunt Effie, womanlike, came to his aid. "An encyclopedia means in a circle of learning; that is, Effie, dear, the whole round of knowledge."

"No, no! you need not feel jealous," said Ned, in a comforting tone. "Jem cannot be a 'Popular Antiquity' quite yet; he has to trust to your help, Aunt Effie."

"And I'm proud to have an aunt upon whose knowledge I can rely," returned Jem.

Harry, who perfectly understood this gallant remark, looked up with his gentle smile, saying, "I have the most reason to be proud, for I not only have mother, but also you, Cousin Jem."

"Thank you, Harry"—it was all Jem could say; he knew that the little boy had spoken from his heart, and Harry never said any thing

but what he felt to be true. After luncheon, it was not Effie's hand he took when they ran out for a race on the lawn, but his little cousin's, whom he had thoughtlessly neglected for the last two days.

Ned proposed trying a shooting match, and, with Tim's assistance, a target was brought. Bows were soon strung, and Jeanie was the first to take her stand. "If you become 'queen,' of course you know what to do with your target," said James.

"Certainly," replied Jeanie; "but you will have to climb to the gable of the roof for me."

While she was choosing an arrow, Ned begged to know what the gable of the roof had to do with the target. Jem explained a practice that there formerly was during Whitsuntide, in Hanover and Brunswick. The one who gained the prize in archery was made king, and he was permitted to nail the target to the highest gable of his roof, until the following year. (7)

"Then, Jem, if we have the Whitsuntide archery games, we might try the 'Kantenreiten,'" said Jeanie.

"What's that?" asked Ned;—"I'm afraid I shall get tired of customs, by-and-by.

"Then we'll give you a good dose of them now," replied Jem, laughing. "Know, then, that the 'Kantenreiten' takes place in Blumenhagen, near Vierraden, on the first festival day of Whitsuntide. It is a foot-race. A loaf of white bread called 'weck' is set on a pole, and the first who reaches it is made king."

"Then, in Stapel," added Jeanie, "they have foot-races and horse-races, and the winner is made king, and crowned with willow wands and flowers."

"Don't forget the smacking of whips, Jeanie."

"Oh! tell me about that," said Harry.

"The stable boys in many of these North German provinces have a practice of snapping whips in concert on Whitsun Eve."

"Then, Jeanie," added James, "there was another custom in England for Whitsun Eve—what was it?"

Ned put his hands to his ears, declaring his head was already full, and he feared it would crack open, if another custom was added.

"It wouldn't be civil to insinuate that it was

cracked-brained already," said Jeanie; "however, I must tell you about Font Hallowing. It was formerly performed Easter Even, and Whitsun Eve, and children were kept to be baptized until this time; but the custom was soon done away, for, fearing the children might die before the festival came round, the Church ordered baptism at all times during the year.

"Churches were not only decked with garlands at Whit-Sunday, but grass was strown upon the floor. But I'll have mercy, and not weary you any more at present. Come, let us try our skill."

An hour passed away; Ned's and Harry's arrows were in the white. The last trial was now to take place. Ned, with his long lance-wood bow, placed himself before the target, and fitted the arrow to the string. "I'll hit the mark this time," said he, turning towards Effie, who held a little wreath of osier and birch twigs, "so prepare to crown me." He turned his face towards the target, adjusted the arrow once more, and drew back the string. Away flew the feathered shaft; it was a moment of intense excitement to the children, but unfortu-

nately his arm was tired, he had not the strength fully to draw his bow. The arrow wavered, just touched the outside rim of the bull's-eye, then fell to the ground.

"Very well done, Ned," exclaimed Jem, "but Harry can beat that, I am sure."

"Oh, no, Jem! Ned deserves the crown, he is stronger than I am, besides a strong breeze is springing up."

"Never mind," they all urged," only try your best, Harry."

The little boy took Effie's bow, which was smaller and lighter, and chose a smoothly feathered arrow. After fitting it to the string, he stood for a moment, looking intently at the target. Suddenly, he raised his bow—the very breeze seemed to have stilled itself—the 'twang' of his bow-string was plainly heard, and then the 'click' of the arrow, against the target. A shout arose, for there, right in the centre of the bull's-eye, stuck the arrow! Tim, who stood by, was equally delighted. "Old Tim couldn't a done it better hisself; Master Harry'll be a great man, see if he don't!"

"Suppose we let Tim try to hit the mark"

said Effie. "Here Tim, take Jem's bow; now, if you can hit Harry's arrow, you shall be crowned."

"Oh, no! Tim don't want to be president!" (Tim couldn't imagine a higher title). "Anyway, Tim'll shoot, only not at such a big mark as that; he'll fix sun'thing for hisself."

Towards the garden there was a terraced bank. In the grassy side of this, old Tim stuck a small white daisy. "Now, Miss Effie, that's going to be druv in, unless Tim's forgot how to shoot."

The children gathered around him. He was at least twenty paces from the mark, but with true Indian precision, he took his aim. "Whar's it gone?" said he, laughing, for the white flower, as well as the arrow, had disapeared. Every one of the children started towards the terrace. They found the arrow; it had crushed the daisy, and gone into the bank, its feathered head alone visible through the grass.

With one consent, Tim was crowned. He still keeps his wreath, and, next to his Bible and Prayer-Book, holds it in deepest reverence. "Miss Effie made it," he tells those to whom

he shows it, "and Tim wouldn't take a gold crown for it. Tim must have it put in his coffin, and oh, don't he wish he could take it to heaven!" Tears still tremble in the dear old man's eyes, as he thinks of the bright May morning when the beautiful child placed that once fresh crown on his weary old head; weary, for many years had passed over it since he, too, had been a young and happy boy. But Tim was crowned. Oh, could you have seen the way he danced up and down the lawn, for Effie's amusement!

"Come, Tim," said James, at last—"Jeanie and I want our horses at three o'clock; it is after two now."

Away started Tim on a slow trot towards the stable, one hand holding on his wreath, the other waving about his old white hat, the crown of which had long since gone, no one knew whither.

Jeanie and Jem returned to the house to prepare for their ride, while the other children remained out on the lawn, trying, but in vain, to drive in daisies, as Tim did.

The horses were led to the door, just as their

riders came out on the piazza. With Jem's assistance, Jeanie was quickly mounted, but "Percy," who had not carried a lady for many months, was disposed to rear, as the long riding skirt fell against his legs. Jeanie was too good a horse-woman to be disconcerted by such airs in her old pony. "Give him something to jump for," said Ned, who had crossed the lawn to see them mount; but before her brother had finished his sentence, Jeanie's stinging little riding-whip, had descended on Percy's fore flank. Off dashed the horse at a furious pace, but as suddenly stopped, and stood like a spoiled child, half wishing to be good, yet half a mind to be naughty a little while longer. Jeanie's voice and gentle patting brought back the good-nature, so, like a sensible pony, he walked towards "Ripton," who was backing and champing his bit, impatient to be off.

Very quietly the riders guided their horses towards the lodge gate, and having passed it, away they cantered along the shady woods. They rode on for several miles, chatting merrily all the way. "Are you prepared

for one of our exploring expeditions?" asked James, checking his horse, as they neared what seemed a narrow, mountain path-way.

"Indeed I am," replied his sister. "Where does this path lead?"

"I do not remember to have seen it before," he answered. "Shall we try it?"

Jeanie joyously assented, thinking that it was some new "slide" made for the lumber which had been felled on the mountain during the past winter. The steepness of the ascent did not deter them. After a few moments of up-hill toil the pathway turned towards the left, and they entered a thick forest of pines and hemlocks, but with a road plainly visible before them. "Strange we never knew of this road before," said Jeanie; "have you any idea where we are?"

"To the south-east of Cedar Grove," replied her brother, looking at the little compass attached to his watch chain. "Is it not charming?"

How delicious was the May breeze as it swept through the pines—and the sunbeams shedding a golden haze all beneath the dark

green branches—the shrill and trilling call of woodland birds—the heavy, muffled tread of the horses upon the pine and hemlock turf made by the fallen sprays which long, long years had silently buried. Then skirting the side of a deep ravine the road brought them to a clearing, where the black stumps of old trees rose up through thick green underbrush.

"Ah, we have come upon a charcoal-burner's village," said James. And so it was, if the half-dozen miserable little log huts, and gray board shanties, could be called a village.

"What wretched-looking creatures!" exclaimed Jeanie in a low tone, as the inhabitants came running out into the road, attracted by the sudden appearance of two "towns-folks." The women with uncombed hair hanging in long elf-locks beside their pale faces—their dresses torn, and soiled with charcoal dust—seemed more like witches than mere human beings. Some of the men were lounging in little groups around their "charcoal pits," as they called those mounds covered with earth all ready to be set on fire, while others were playing quoits before the door of the largest

shanty, which seemed to be the tavern of the place.

"Let us hurry past these people," continued Jeanie, at the same time touching Percy with her whip. The horse would have sprung forward, but James seized his sister's check rein, throwing the animal almost on his haunches, but saving, perhaps, the lives of two children, although at the risk of his sister's. There the little things sat, directly in the middle of the road, making mud-pies, perfectly heedless of their danger, nor would they move, even when they saw the horse almost upon them. The eldest threw her largest mud-pie at the restive animal, a deed which the "noble Percy" by no means relished, for, notwithstanding his powerful check, he reared and leaped, clearing the children.

Jeanie kept her seat, and even urged her horse forward, fearing abusive language from the rough mountaineers. She was not mistaken, for as James came galloping up to her, the people set up a hideous yell which lasted until they passed out of sight. "Oh, Jem! do you think the people are angry with us, or are they

only trying to frighten us? I wish we knew where this road came out."

"Nonsense, Jeanie," replied her brother, laughing at the anxious expression on his sister's face. "We must be directly in front of Cedar Grove, for Taconic is before us. Only see how beautiful the view is!"

They had just emerged from the woods, and were now on a high ledge of table-land. Upon their left rose an abrupt cliff, while to the right the mountain sloped downward to a lake embosomed in trees. Before them rose the Berkshire Hills, peak upon peak, until the great blue dome of Taconic shut out all other things. The golden haze of the afternoon sun had passed away, but crimson and purple mists bathed the whole landscape in royal splendor. There lay the lake—but if they were in front of Cedar Grove why could they not distinguish the boat-house upon the lake shore? This thought flashed at once on Jem's mind, and he looked down to consult his compass, but to his dismay, it was no longer on his chain, the little split ring had broken.

"Where are we, Jem?" asked Jeanie; "I

cannot recognize a single object except Taconic."

"We couldn't have a better guide," replied her brother, assuming his most cheerful expression; and then he tried to draw his sister into conversation; but in this he was unsuccessful.

"Jamie," said she, stopping her horse, "had we not better turn back? What does your compass say?"

"I've lost my compass, Jeanie;" and he showed her the broken ring. "I do not think it will be safe for us to pass those mountaineers again; this road must lead to some farm house; it is still quite light; let us keep on."

"It is light to us, Jamie, but we are on a mountain; it must be getting dark in the valley."

James looked at his watch; it was after six o'clock; so they urged their horses forward at a rapid pace. More and more beautiful the scenery became, yet more and more strange. "Don't check your horse, Jeanie," said James; "let us hurry through this last tract of woodland; see, we are slowly descending the mountain."

Again they entered the woods, twilight falling fast around them. "Halt!" exclaimed a loud

shrill voice. Ripton, whom Ned had trained to stand still at this word, stopped so suddenly, that James was nearly thrown; Percy, too, halted, but it was at Jeanie's command. Slowly there emerged from behind a clump of laurel bushes, the queerest-looking old man that ever walked the earth. His coat, which had once been snuff-colored cloth, was covered with patches of black, blue, and red, while buttons of every shape and size decked the back and sleeves. He wore gray knee-breeches, and purple stockings; his shoes—if the leather bound round his feet with twine could claim the name of shoes—were covered with dust. In one hand he carried a black bag, in the other, a mop-handle, to which was fastened bunches of weeds, long green reeds, and branches of various shrubs.

"Pass slowly on, Jen," whispered James, "he is probably crazy."

"Halt," again exclaimed the poor creature. "Crazy, Heff crazy! Ah, my son, who built the road to Boston? Heff. Who loves flowers? Heff. Whose grand-children will love him for saving Washington's life? Heff's." Here the old man commenced a well-known psalm tune.

"My friend," said James, guiding his horse towards him, "can you tell me where this road leads—how far are we from Woodneath village?"

"Woodneath! Never again will ye see it," replied the strange being, in solemn tones. "This road leads to destruction; but, hush—" here he pressed close up to Jeanie, and, placing a piece of everlasting flower on her knee, broke into the following rhyme:

"Injin posy to cheeks so rosy,
Sassafras to you—"

Here he flung a branch to James—

"Blood-root, gentian, dock and willow,
Lastly, take my rue."

So saying, he laid a bunch of various weeds beside the everlasting. Jeanie gathered them up, and, thanking the old man, would have gone on, but he seized her bridle. "Rue—yes, rue, my child; take it, ye'll need it; yer ma 'll need it this blessed night.

"Rue, rue, I give it you."

Here James rode beside him, and, steadily fixing his eye on the old man's, asked, slowly:

"Which way must I turn to reach Woodneath?"

"Keep on; turn to your right twice; then there's a house; say that old Heff sent you, then they'll tell you the way; but, stop, come let us sing—"

"Jeanie, follow me," exclaimed James, whipping his horse. His sister obeyed, and they were far down the mountain before Heff could cry "halt" again.

"Oh, Jamie, how crazy that poor fellow is!" said Jeanie, when they slackened their pace. "I wonder what made him so?"

"Why, have you never seen him before?" asked James, in surprise. "It is 'crazy Heff,' of whom you must have heard us speak. I recognized him the moment he commenced singing that Methodist hymn.

"I have heard him spoken of, but never saw him before," returned his sister. "Why does he sing Methodist hyms?"

"The cause of his craziness is a disputed point; but the most reliable story is, that, when a young man, his feelings became very much excited at a camp-meeting; he had worked

himself up into a frenzy, and never recovered his reason afterwards. He is perfectly harmless, but the wildest and queerest fancies are constantly rushing through his brain; at times, he imagines himself John the Baptist, and will preach for hours out in the woods; twice he has been sun-struck from lying in the open fields at noon-day, imagining, as he has said, to be 'wrapped in a cloud of glory!'"

"Poor fellow! how sad his story is. But come, Jem, we must hurry on."

Meanwhile, what was passing at Cedar Grove? The sun had set, and the long spring twilight had gathered around the old stone house. Effie and Harry were stationed at the school-room window overlooking the road, while Ned kept in constant motion between the house and lodge; all were anxiously watching for the sister and brother. "They promised to be home by dinner time," said Mrs. Ruthven, "but now it is seven o'clock."

Did Jem say in which direction they were going?" asked Mr. Ruthven, who had returned from Woodneath some time before.

"No, papa; but Jamie said they would be

home early, for Jem had a story to tell us this evening—hark, I think I hear them."

But he was mistaken, it was only the night wind stirring the heavy branches of the trees. As time passed by, the family became more anxious. The old clock struck eight, lamps were lighted—still the absent ones came not. "Unless they are here in half an hour," said Mr. Ruthven, as he returned from walking up and down the road, "Tim and I will drive into Woodneath, and see if we can hear any thing of them."

The time passed away, the light wagon was ordered, and, surrounded by anxious faces, Mr. Ruthven, with Ned and Tim, entered it, and started for the village. The hotel was the first place where they made inquiries; for had the children passed that way, the idlers at the door must have seen them. While the landlord was declaring he had been sitting on the steps all the afternoon, and they had not passed his door, Tim returned from the opposite corner of the street to say that some people, who had just driven in from Dalehill, had seen Miss Jeanie and her brother about half past three o'clock

in the afternoon, after passing through the village, turn towards the mountain road.

"Then, Tim, they must return by way of Woodneath," replied Mr. Ruthven, "unless they go home the same road they started."

"Miss Jeanie nebber likes to do that," said old Tim quickly. "They'd have got home long ago if they'd a come from Dalehill to Woodneath, for it's only six miles—no, no, they didn't take that road." Tim's face assumed a troubled expression, and he drew nearer Mr. Ruthven to whisper—"P'raps they bin and took the coal road, which leads way off t'other side 'er mountain over into Laketown. It's 'er little woodpathy track, and Mr. James always likes them poky sort of places."

"I never knew there was such a road, Tim. How far is Lakeville from here?" asked Mr. Ruthven in surprise.

"Oh, by that road which is only good for coal wagons, it's as good as twenty-five miles round —let's see—why they has to go t'other side 'er Salisbury pond, then round by Squire Acres' medder lots, till they gits on the road to this 'ere village, and then oh—" here Tim took off

his hat and began to rub his head—"oh they'll have to ride nigh thirty miles afore they gits back to Cedar Grove!"

"But is not the place dangerous after nightfall?" said Mr. Ruthven; "and did Miss Jeanie or Mr. James ever ask about the road?"

"No, no," replied Tim; "but if Mr. James saw the path he'd like to take it, 'cause he'd think he could turn back any time—oh dear! poor Tim's afeared they got lost."

This report spread quickly through the village, and a large crowd collected around the hotel. The Ruthvens were so well known, and so much loved, that any accident happening to them would find ready sympathy in the hearts of the people. Late as it was, several offered to search the coal road, and five of the workmen on Cedar Grove farm, started off before Mr. Ruthven could prevent them.

Equally anxious were the family at home, as the hours passed without bringing the children. About half past nine o'clock Mr. Rivers walked from Woodneath to tell Mrs. Ruthven that Jeanie and James had been seen in Dalehill in the afternoon, and that Ned and Tim

had gone there to gather any further information.

"When the men went to search the coal road did they take bells with them?" asked Mrs. Ruthven. "In case the children have lost their way in the woods, they could be guided by the sound of a bell."

Effie, entering the room as her mother ceased speaking, heard only the last few words. "Oh, yes, Mr. Rivers!" she exclaimed, "ring the church-bells, and then Jamie will be sure to hear them!" Her mother explained to her, that she had spoken of hand-bells—not the church-bells as Effie had supposed. "But why not the church-bells, mamma!" persisted the little girl. "People in the village know that poor Jeanie and Jamie are lost, so they won't be frightened and think it is for fire. Oh, *dear* Mr. Rivers—please have them rung."

The Rector hesitated. There stood Euphie looking up so beseechingly with her tearful eyes. Harry, too, had caught one of his hands and murmured—"please do, Mr. Rivers." Mrs. Ruthven's pale face for a moment flushed with an expression of hope, while she sadly but

quietly urged—"the church-bells can be heard a great distance; I think the children might be guided by them if they are on the mountains." Poor Effie, who always cried over the story of the "babes in the woods," could bear suspense no longer, sinking down on the sofa, and hiding her face in the pillows, she burst into tears, murmuring—"Jamie, Jamie, dear, dear Jeanie, come home to Euphie; oh, mamma, they'll be all night in the woods, and starve to death."

"I will have the bells rung, Effie," replied the Rector, looking at his watch, (it was ten o'clock,) "and will return at once to the village."

"Wait until I can order—" Mrs. Ruthven paused. "I was going to order a horse for you, but Tim and all the men servants have left the place."

"There is one of the carriage horses in the stable, aunt; I will help Mr. Rivers to saddle him," said Harry.

The Rector would have declined taking the horse, but Mrs. Ruthven insisted upon his riding, and Harry, lantern in hand, went out to the stable. Fox was soon saddled, and Mr.

Rivers rode rapidly towards the village. The night was chilly, and it would have been very dark but for the clear starlight—the moon had not yet risen. Wrapped in shawls, Effie and Harry ran up and down the piazza waiting to hear the peal of the bells. But we must return to our wanderers. James and his sister followed the crazy old man's directions, but when they came to the road leading to the right both the horses refused to go that way, neither kind words nor whipping proved of avail, Percy and Ripton turned towards the left. "Jeanie," said James at last, "let us drop our bridles and trust to our horses; I have heard that they know the shortest way to their stables."

"Very well, Jamie; I will do any thing to find our way out of these woods. I am not frightened myself, but poor mamma"—her voice faltered. It required all Jem's cheerfulness to make her smile again. But it was a forced cheerfulness after all; both felt that they were lost, and it was now so dark in the woods that they could not distinguish one object from another. "There Percy—there Ripton, carry us safely, ponies!" The next moment the horses

were stepping quickly along the left-hand road, while their bridles were hanging loosely on their necks.

Onward they went until the wood path was left far behind them, and they started on a gentle trot along a fine hard road. Soon the riders resumed their reins, for they were descending a steep hill—yet the moment they came to a turn in the road they allowed the horses to choose their own way. No farm house, no cottage came in sight; they saw nothing before them but an opening between the fences of the fields through which they were passing, and an occasional bridge under which rushed a little mountain brook. Many were their conjectures as to where the road would lead them, but the horses cantered swiftly along, as if sure their stable and supper of oats were already before them.

Jeanie, who thought nothing of a ride of eighteen miles, was nearly sinking with fatigue. "Oh, Jamie, we must walk our horses," she almost whispered, "I feel as if I should faint."

Her voice trembled so much that James caught her bridle, and putting his arm around

her, tried to support her. More and more heavily she leaned upon him; he caught her wrist, the pulse was still—she had fainted. Stopping the horses, Jem dismounted and tied Ripton to the fence, then supporting his sister on Percy, he guided the horse back to the brook they had crossed. The cold water sprinkled on Jeanie's face revived her; in a few moments she was well enough to dismount and sit down on the bridge to rest. "Are you not tired, Jamie?" she asked.

"A little; but I'm real hungry," he replied, laughing. "Oh, how I should like a piece of bread and butter, no matter how thick!"

"Then you must be hungry, indeed," she smiled, remembering how her brother disliked a thick slice of bread. "Come, I feel rested now; let us walk on slowly; only give me a drink of water; I shall be better for it."

Jem made a cup of his hands. "Such a goblet as the Queen of England could not command!" said he, laughing.

Leading their horses, they walked some distance; every object seemed new and strange. Their hearts were sinking within them, when

suddenly Jem stopped. "Hark, Jeanie! are not those the church bells?"

She listened. "O, Jem, they are; they must be St. Mary's bells; hark! yes, yes! we are going towards Woodneath!"

Distant, indeed, was the sound, but still the cheering peal brought joy and gladness to their hearts. "Our own dear church bells!" murmured the brother and sister, as, hand in hand, they knelt for a moment upon the hard ground, and offered a prayer of thanksgiving.

"O Jeanie, how appropriate those lines seem to us now—

"'The music of our mother's voice.'

It seems like our own mother calling to us."

"Yes, Jamie; but I wonder if they really are ringing for us?"

"It must be," replied her brother; "and, look, is not that a light before us?"

"Indeed it is; and there is another just beyond; come, Jem, I feel strong enough to ride now."

The excitement was good for both of them. They were quickly on horse-back, and a few

moments' brisk trot brought them before a little red cottage. James dismounted, and, rapping at the door, inquired the nearest way to Woodneath. The old colored woman who lived there proved to be a former tenant of Mr. Ruthven's, and as soon as she recognized James and his sister, and learned how they had been wandering in the woods, made them come in and take some supper. Jeanie by no means refused the thick slice of rye bread which old Liddy cut for her, and James ate his slice without waiting to butter it. "This is not the last call we shall make on you, Liddy," said Jeanie, as she rose to go. "Next time we will come earlier, so as not to disturb you just as you are going to bed."

The old woman made many profound courtesies, and declared she "allers sot up late Saturdays to fix up her dress for meetin' on Sunday," and declaring she was "prouder than a guinea-hen to have sich a han'som young gem'man as Massa James in her house." Here she made another courtesy to Jem, and then turning to Jeanie—"O, laws, missy, you grow more and more like a pictur eb'ry day; but you nebber be so sweet like yer ma; oh, dear, no! Old Lid

speaks truth, 'deed she does; and how's yer dear blessed ma and pa?"

Question after question came from the old woman, then followed so many messages to all the family, that it was long before they could say "good night." As they rode away, they turned, and saw Liddy bowing and courtesying in the door-way, where she stood until the clatter of their horses' feet ceased, and they were far out of her sight.

The bells had not ceased ringing when they galloped into Woodneath, and as soon as they were fairly in the village, shouts of "Here they come!" "Here they are!" arose on every side. Walking their horses towards the church, they met Mr. Ruthven on the road. "O, papa," cried Jeanie, as she jumped from her horse, "I'm so very glad to be safely by you!"

James, too, had dismounted, and given his horse to one of the servants. "Who thought of ringing the church bells?" he asked eagerly, as he joined his father and sister.

"Your sister Effie," replied Mr. Rivers, who now came out into the road; "she wanted the bells rung for 'Jamie.'"

Tim, who had returned from Dalehill a few moments before, now brought the horse and wagon, into which Jeanie got with her father, while James and Tim rode home, Ned riding Percy. A happier meeting could hardly be imagined than that which took place at Cedar Grove.

"Oh, Jamie, did you hear the bells?" asked Effie, earnestly.

"Yes, indeed, he answered," and I cannot tell you how much nearer home we seemed!"

"It made us think of the verse you repeated walking home Ascension evening—

"'The music of our mother's voice'"—

added Jeanie. "I thought it would, and it was, too," she replied with an arch smile; "for when Mr. Rivers saw how troubled mamma was—I think it made him decide to have them rung."

When they had finished their supper it was nearly one o'clock, and Sunday morning had almost dawned before they parted for the night. "A right judgment in all things," repeated James to himself as he closed the door of his

bed-room. He opened his prayer-book, and turned to the collect for Whit-Sunday. "Yes, I think I know one reason why father said this collect at prayers to-night; there are few *little* things in life, if we are guided by stern principle. If I had had a 'right judgment' I should have turned back as it grew dark this afternoon, instead of riding on over a road I had never gone before."

CHAPTER VI.

"The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

"Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come." KEBLE.

"WAKE up, my little Euphie," whispered a gentle voice close by Effie's ear early on Whit-Sunday morning.

"Why, mamma, is it time to get up already?" exclaimed the little girl as she opened her eyes and found her mother bending over her. Then springing up, she threw her arms about her mother's neck. "It seems so early, mamma—I'm sure the sun isn't up!"

"Ah, yes it is, my little one, and the robins have been singing at my window for this

hour; but look here for yourself, Euphie." Mrs. Ruthven drew back the curtains, and Effie climbed up in the chair by the window.

Beautiful, indeed, was the morning. Early twilight had just brightened into silvery clouds, while a rosy mist hovered over the eastern mountains; every rock bathed in a flood of light, every cavern seemed walled and roofed with gold, even the dark mountain pines, edged with sunshine, shadowed not the eastern heaven.

"Oh, I'm so glad it is pleasant to-day, dear mamma, and I'm so happy to think that Jeanie and James are safe at home, and I'm glad, too, that you called me early this morning, for I promised to meet Harry in the garden at seven o'clock. Kiss me again, mamma," she added, as her mother was leaving the room. "Now I'll hurry and see if I can't be ready before Harry."

With Biddy's assistance she was soon dressed, and away she ran to the garden. "Good-morning, Harry!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of her cousin behind a large rose-bush. "How long have you been waiting for me?"

"Not long, besides, it is not quite seven o'clock yet. But see my roses, Effie—are not they beautiful?"

"Yes, indeed, they are. I'm going to gather some, too; but I want all white roses. You have only red ones."

"Why, Euphie?" asked her brother James, who, unperceived by her, had overheard their conversation.

"Oh, Jamie! why I thought you were fast asleep; you were very tired when you came home last night."

"So I was; but I have slept soundly for four hours."

"You look tired yet," said Harry; "I think you ought to have slept a little longer."

"Thank you, Harry, but I'm well enough; come, Effie, tell me why you want white roses—to match that white dress of yours?"

"O, no, Jamie, I never thought of that," she quickly replied; "it's Whit-Sunday, you know. Well, I can't tell you my reasons exactly, but I thought white would be more appropriate for to-day than any color."

"So it is," replied James. "Ned must have

told you one of the supposed origins of the name Whit-Sunday."

"No, he hasn't; what is it, Jamie?"

"Come over here on this garden seat, and I will try to tell you." James lifted her on his knee, and making Harry sit down beside them, he began: "A long time ago, it was the custom of the Church, that when persons received the holy sacrament of baptism, they should be dressed in white robes. White, you know, is the emblem of purity and innocence; so the white robes were types of the spiritual purity of soul which is received at baptism. The neophytes, as the candidates were called, not only wore white robes at their baptism, but for eight days afterwards. These garments were laid up in church, to remind their wearers of the vows they had taken, and to warn them not to sully, by evil actions, their baptismal purity. There is a very pretty story told of the Emperor Constantine; if you are not tired of listening, shall I tell it to you?"

"Please tell it," pleaded both of the children.

"Constantine," continued James, "notwithstanding the active part he had taken in the affairs of the Church, had deferred his baptism,

from a wish to receive it in the River Jordan. But in his sixty-fourth year, while at a palace near Nicomedia, he was taken sick, and felt that he was dying. He sent for some bishops, and told them that he had never been baptized; so Eusebius, bishop of a neighboring city, administered this sacrament. During the remaining days of his life, Constantine wore his white baptismal robe, refusing to wear the imperial purple, and, at noon, on Whit-Sunday, in the year 337, he died."

"Thank you, Cousin James," said Harry; "I like that story. So to-day is called Whit-Sunday, because of the white robes worn."

"That is only one reason," replied James; "there are several others which Ned will probably give us this evening. Now let us go and gather some white roses for Euphie."

Effie succeeded in finding many pretty buds which James cut for her, and then Harry ran to the green-house, and got a string to tie them. "What are you going to do with them?" asked her brother, as they walked slowly towards the house.

"Harry and I are going to take them to Mr.

Rivers; we haven't any other present for him this morning."

"I have no present at all to give him," said James.

"O, well," replied Harry, as if to console his cousin, "you and Jeanie and Ned give a present to the Church!"

"How do you know?" asked James, in surprise.

"Because we saw Jeanie embroidering it," answered both the children at once. "I don't know what to call it," continued Effie; "but it's a beautiful white velvet cloth, and upon it a silver dove hovering over a chalice, within a triangle; and then there is a wreath of golden wheat and purple grapes all around the edge."

"Yes, Euphie, you've described it very well; you will see it in church to-day. It is an altar-cloth. Jeanie has worked it on purpose for Whitsuntide."

The family were assembled when they reached the breakfast-room. Jeanie's long ride of the previous evening had tired her so much, that her parents thought she had better not attend morning service; but she pleaded hard to go.

"Sitting quietly in church will not tire me half as much as lolling on the sofa at home."

"But, Jeanie, your face is almost as white as your dress," remonstrated her father; "such pale cheeks are unusual with you."

"I confess I feel faint, dear father; but only let me ride to church, and if the air does not make my cheeks the color of Harry's bouquet, I'll return home."

"Well, well," answered her father, smiling, "if you get as far as the church porch, there will be no danger of your turning away."

When breakfast was over, Ned told James he wanted him in the school-room until it was time to start for church. His brother assented, and in a few moments they were seated beside the writing table. "Now, Jem," said Ned, "here are some of my Whitsuntide researches." He placed several sheets of paper before his brother. "I have written them down, and I would like to have you listen while I read them, and if I have misstated any thing, please tell me."

"Suppose I speak to you of something you don't know?" replied James.

"Then you may keep the knowledge to yourself," answered Ned; "but I should like you to tell me what you think of my 'sermon,' as I will call it. Sit still now, and I will begin.

"In the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, we read of Christ's promise to send a 'comforter,' and in the second chapter of Acts, in the first verse, we find that on the day of Pentecost, when His disciples were all together in one place, His promise was fulfilled. The day of Pentecost was a high feast among the Jews, at which time many people came up to Jerusalem to pray for blessings on the coming harvest. It was at this time, then, that Christ sent His Comforter, or Paraclete, which signifies Comforter, Advocate, Teacher, and Remembrancer. There were a very great number of people at Jerusalem, and when they saw the wonderful wisdom of the poor fishermen, they blasphemously declared that they were drunk with new wine. Then it was that St. Peter preached his first public sermon, one which so affected the audience that no less than three thousand persons were converted.

"When God appointed the feast of Pente-

cost or of Weeks, He told His people, the Jews, 'and ye shall count unto you from the morrow after the Sabbath . . . . . even unto the morrow after the seventh Sabbath shall ye number fifty days." (Lev. xxiii. 15, 16.) Therefore our Church has appointed our Pentecost fifty days after Easter, which is our Passover, and, like the Jews, the Church does not count from Easter Day itself, but from the Sunday following. It is a movable feast, and sometimes falls in May or June, but always seven weeks after Easter.

"Our Saxon forefathers called this Sunday and its octave 'Pentecostes.' [8] In the Cornish language it was Pencas, or Penkast. At this time the wits, or wise men, were chosen for their Witenagemots, and this season was consecrated to Hertha, their goddess of peace and festivity; so some have supposed that when Paganism gave way to Christianity, this day adopted the name of Whit-Sunday as well as that of Pentecost. Wickliff, in his translation of the New Testament, spells it 'Wit-Sonday.' Some writers say this word means Wisdom-day, in memory of the wisdom which the holy

Apostles received. Others say it came from 'Wied,' the Saxon word for sacred. Vestegan says the day was called Wied, or Wihed-Sunday.

"The early Church appointed baptism especially at this time, in memory of the Apostles who were baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and also because they had baptized three thousand souls. In the primitive Church, those who had received this sacrament at Easter appeared in their white robes at Whit-Sunday. St. Gregory of Nazianzum tells us, that in memory of that glorious light—the diffusion of knowledge sent down by the Father of Lights—the newly baptized carried candles[9] in their hands, which they lit at the altar, as symbols of those lamps of faith with which virgin souls shall go forth to meet the Bridegroom. He also tells us, that at the baptism of great men their attendants were clothed in white.

"Among the early Christians it was also customary to give milk and honey to the newly baptized. Milk denotes innocency—babies are fed with milk; so giving milk to the newly

baptized, typified their becoming children of our Saviour, who offered them rest in that land of promise, where it is said to flow with milk and honey. Another ceremony was observed towards baptized infants, called the kiss of peace, to show, that by baptism men were restored to God's peace and favor.

"At Whitsuntide, our Saxon ancestors gave milk to the poor, that, by such deeds of charity, they might be more worthy to receive the Holy Spirit, the token of God's love. In some part of Great Britain, milk is still called white meat, from which some have supposed the name Whit-Sunday to be derived. In Ireland, this feast was kept with milk food, as among the Hebrews, and a breakfast was composed of cake, bread, and a drink made by hot water poured on bran.

"Whitsuntide was appointed for communion, by several councils of the early Church."

"You have condensed the information very well, brother Ned. I could not have done it better. Where did you meet with St. Gregory's account of the candles?"

"O, the whole of that I copied out of "Bingham's Antiquities," replied his brother; "I was

sure you would know that the language was not mine; it don't sound like my writing. But, tell me, Jem, have I forgotten any thing important?"

"Did you ever hear Whit-Sunday called 'Dominica in Albis,' or, 'Lord's Day in white,' from the white robes worn?"

"O, yes, I remember; here, let me write it down." Ned took up a pen, and made a note of it.

"But, Ned, as Easter is likewise a day specially appointed for baptism, its octave, formerly called Low Sunday, also bears the name of 'Dominica in Albis.'"

"I know that, too, Jem," he answered; "can you think of any thing else?"

Before his brother could reply, Effie, who had been looking for them, came into the room, saying it was quite time to start for church, and that Aunt Effie, who had given up her seat in the carriage to Jem, had started to walk.

"I'll go with her," exclaimed Ned, and hastily gathering up his papers, and putting them in his portfolio, he ran down to the hall, and seized his cap.

"Here is your prayer-book, Ned," said Effie, calling to him.

"Well, please bring it in the carriage with you, Euphie." So saying, he darted out of the house, and ran off as fast as he could.

"Naughty Aunt Effie," he called out to Mrs. Howard, as soon as he was within speaking distance, "why didn't you wait for me?"

"Because I knew that James would not have taken my place in the carriage, if he thought I had given it up on purpose for him; you were both together when I started; I could not have called you, without telling him the reason; and he is too tired to walk this morning."

"Since you have so good an excuse, I'll forgive you this time; but you must walk slowly for a little while; I've had a regular race after you."

They walked on in silence for some distance; at last, Aunt Effie asked if he had looked over the psalms and lessons for the day.

"Not the psalms," he replied; "but I know what the lessons are about. The first morning lesson tells us the law of the Jewish Pentecost, and the first evening lesson prophecies the con-

version of the Gentiles to Christ, God's Holy Spirit inspiring the Apostles. The second lessons teach us of the completion of these prophecies."

"I am very glad that you remember them so well, dear Ned; and now you should think, that as the Jews received their law from Mount Sinai, at the feast of Pentecost, so, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles were empowered to preach to all Christians the new laws which our Saviour had given them. The psalms, too, are appropriate. Those in the morning tell of God's care for His chosen City of Jerusalem, and thanking Him for permitting men to meet together in service to Him. Had it not been for the inspiration of the holy Apostles, we should not have met together in God's house to-day to praise Him for all His mercies to us. Then there is a prophetical description of Christ's ascension; and again, 'when the Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers,' which almost seems to foretell the descent of the tongues of fire. The psalms for the evening speak to us of the miraculous works of the Holy Ghost, and declare His power."

"The Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for to-day,

and also those for Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun week, are taken from the old liturgies of the Church."

"Last week, in the course of my reading about Whitsuntide, and the establishment of the Christian religion, I could not help thinking how different were God's ways from the ways of man."

"In what particular respect, Ned?" asked his aunt.

"God did not establish His religion by killing people in war, and burning their lands; He sent His Spirit to the Apostles, the Spirit which Christ had called a Comforter. And then I thought how Cromwell and the Puritans, instead of allowing God's priests to reform whatever was amiss in the Church, took the matter in their own hands, and plundered God's holy temples, and turned His priests away from their homes and families, and set up their own chosen preacher instead! A queer way to establish religion, was it not?"

"Yes, Ned; it is fearful to think of the sacrilege they committed. Do you remember those verses in the seventy-fourth psalm, which seem so direct a prophecy of their sinful acts?" Mrs. Howard repeated:

"'But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers.

"'They have set fire upon thy holy places, and have defiled the dwelling-place of thy Name, even unto the ground.'"

"They may break down the stone and mortar of the churches," murmured Ned, "but they cannot destroy the holy Church itself, for Christ has promised to be with His priests till the end of the world. Isn't it so, Aunt Effie?"

His aunt bowed her head, and replied, "Yes; for

> "'Still our Litanies ascend like incense, as before,
> And still we hold the one full faith Nicæa taught of yore.'"

Relapsing into silence, they hastened their walk, and soon came in sight of the village. Before long, the carriage overtook them; James got out, assuring his brother and aunt that the rest of the walk to the church would do him good. Effie, too, jumped out, laughingly saying that she must take care of Ned, since Aunt Effie had Jamie to look after.

"That's right, Euphie; come with me through this last field; leave the road to Aunt Effie and

Jem." Ned lifted his little sister over the fence, and, taking her hand, led her through the clover blossoms. At last they came to a mountain brook tumbling over pebbles, and shaded by green osiers. Effie crossed the bridge, but Ned, who wanted a drink of water, leaned over a smooth rock, and put his face down to a little cup formed among the stones, and filled from a tiny waterfall.

"What a fairy cup you have, Ned," said Effie, looking down from the bridge. "I wish I was thirsty, I'd have a drink, too."

"Oh, it's so cold and refreshing," exclaimed her brother, raising his head. "I wish I was a fish, I'd come and live in this little bowl."

"Be careful, or we may have to fish you out as it is!" said James, who with Aunt Effie had left the dusty road and followed Ned through the field.

"No danger of that," replied his brother, jumping up and brushing off the knees of his trowsers. "I advise you to come down from the bridge and follow my example. Now, Effie, we'll leave these slow walkers, and travel on to church!"

"Yes, hurry, Ned, I want to stop at the Parsonage and leave my roses for Mr. Rivers." Away they went into the sunshine, leaving James and Mrs. Howard beneath the shady osiers.

"What are you thinking of, Aunt Effie?" asked James.

"And of what are you thinking, Jem?" replied his aunt. "You looked so sober."

James smiled, as he answered, "Seeing those young ones"—(it was well that the future soldier was out of hearing)—"run out into the sunshine in that way, reminded me of some verses I learned a few days ago; but you have not answered my question, Aunt Effie."

"I, too, was thinking of some lines which came into my head when I saw Ned drinking from the brook."

"What a poetical vein our thoughts must be in!" exclaimed Jem. "Wait till I drink, and then you shall repeat them to me."

"It is well you have taken your drink," said his aunt, as he rejoined her, "the lines are not very appropriate now that I look at your cheerful face; nevertheless I will repeat them—

"'Thou bonnie wee well on the briest of the braie,
While I stoop to thy bosom my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.'"

"That is very pretty; where did you find it?" asked James.

"I don't remember. Now you must repeat the verses you were thinking about."

"Certainly; I'll try and recall them as we walk along. The title is—

"No Sunshine but hath a Shadow.

"'Out of my first home, warm and bright,
I passed to the cold world's lowering night;
Ill hath it ended, that well begun—
Into the shadow, out of the sun!

"'Out of my last home, dark and cold,
I shall pass to the city whose streets are gold;
Well shall be ended that ill begun—
Out of the shadow, into the sun!'"

"The thoughts are beautifully expressed," said Aunt Effie; "I'm glad that the sunshine and shadow, through which we have just passed, reminded you of them; but there are the bells tolling, we must walk faster."

They found Effie and Ned waiting for them in the porch, so they all entered church together. If the altar-cloth had appeared beau-

tiful to the children when they saw Jeanie working upon it at home, it was doubly so now that they saw it placed upon the altar. Mr. Ruthven, who had not been told about it, seemed surprised when he looked towards the chancel; but a glance at the faces of his children convinced him that they had had a hand in the change there.

When church was out, he whispered to Jeanie, "What has become of the new piano cover you wished to embroider last winter? Did I not give you money for the materials when we were in New York?"

"Yes, papa," she replied; "but James and Ned helped me to procure materials for something we thought was more needed than a piano cover."

"I understand you, my dear child."

"I hope you like it, father," was her only reply.

CHAPTER VII.

"Spirit of Christ—Thine earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and they
Who grasp, this hour, the sword of Heaven,
Shall feel Thee on their weary way."

KEBLE.

IN the afternoon, Mrs. Ruthven remained at home with Jeanie, who was too tired to attend church.

"How lovely the day is," murmured Jeanie to herself, as she drew the sofa to the opened window of her bed-room, which trees shaded from the glare of sunlight, and cooled the rose-perfumed breeze as it swept through their green branches. Sweet-briar, and queen-of-the-prairie roses, entwined in the ivy which crept up the side of the house near the window where Jeanie sat, and, as she threw aside the blind, a great cluster of these flowers thrust their deep pink buds into her hand. "Ah, you naughty flowers,

you deserve to be broken off, and placed in my vase; but I'll look at you for a little while. Stay there now:" she fastened them so that they hung over the window-sill, and rested on her lap.

"Who are you talking to?" asked her mother, as she came into the room.

"To Euphie's pets," replied Jeanie. "Just see these lovely roses, mamma."

Mrs. Ruthven sat down, and took the branch which Jeanie held out to her. "These are from the bush which your father and I planted two years ago; I can tell them from their perfume."

"Why is it, mamma?—the queen-of-the-prairie rose has hardly any perfume, but those are very sweet."

"We mingled the roots with those of a sweet-briar bush, and they must have divided their sweetness; I cannot think of any other reason. Shall I read to you? or will you try to go to sleep before papa and the boys come home?"

"I'll try to sleep, mamma, for I want to feel rested enough to come down stairs this evening." Her trial was unsuccessful, and, after keeping her eyes closed for a long time without sleeping, she gave up the attempt. "I wish you had the

sermon Mr. Rivers preached this morning, he showed so fully the office of the third person of the Holy Trinity, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

"I should like to hear it again," replied her mother, "there were so many thoughts grouped together, it was difficult to follow them all; Jamie spoke of it coming out of church, and said he had learned a great deal from it."

"Ned," said Jeanie, "told me he had tried to remember all of the sermon, but I found that he had forgotten the greater part."

"Poor Ned cannot understand the meaning of the word 'moderation;' he attempts too much; yet Jem tells me that he has made a very good condensation of the subject of Whit-Sunday for us this evening."

"O! that reminds me," exclaimed Jeanie, "I promised him I would find something about the observance of the Whit-Sunday service in the Spanish and early British Church." Her mother gave her the book for which she asked. After turning over the leaves for some time, she found the account. "See here, mamma, presents of roses were formerly made on Whit-Sunday; I think I must break off and keep that cluster of

buds which presented themselves to me this afternoon. She read on in silence for some time, and then marking the page of the book, laid it aside for her brother.

"Did you find the 'observance' you wanted?" asked her mother.

"Yes, but not so full an account as I saw a few days ago. In Spain, during service on Whit-Sunday, small birds with cakes tied to their legs, and pigeons, were let loose; sometimes tame white ones were tied with strings, or one of wood was suspended in the chancel, and a long censer was swung up and down before it. In the British Church, while the 'Veni Creator' was being sung, oak leaves, unconsecrated wafers, and burning tow, was thrown from the ceiling before the crucifix. At the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' small birds and pigeons were allowed to fly: this continued until mass, and did not cease until the Gospel had been said."

"How unnecessary such things seem to us," remarked her mother, "I might almost say profane; but when we remember it was done to teach the ignorant, and remind the forgetful, we can understand and respect such rude teachings."

Mrs. Ruthven had but just ceased speaking, when the sound of voices warned them that the family had returned from church. In a few moments Ned knocked at the door of the room, and entered, followed by Effie, Harry and James. "How's the sick girl?" was Jem's first question.

"O! she's been taking medicine!" exclaimed Effie, catching sight of a half empty wine-glass.

Ned lifted it, and, after putting it to his lips, cried out, 'O, mamma, I'm so sick! Please give me some of this medicine."

"It's like paregoric," said Harry.

"I don't believe it's as good," remarked Effie.

"If you talk so much, poor Jeanie will not have a chance of answering my question," said James.

They immediately became silent; Ned, however, kept rubbing his chest as if in great pain. This made the others laugh, so his mother told him to take the medicine, and be quiet.

"Was it paregoric?" asked Harry, smelling of the glass.

"No, Harry, it was port-wine," replied Jeanie. "I feel much better, Jem; but I hardly think we'll try the coal road again to-morrow!"

"O, mamma! I forgot to tell you Mr. Rivers is down stairs; he has come to take tea with us," said Effie.

"What *shall* I do, Jeanie?" exclaimed Ned, as his mother left the room; "papa has been telling Mr. Rivers that I have collected an account of Whitsuntide, and asked him to come and hear me read it to-night; I shall be frightened out of my wits!"

"What a fearful fright it will be," rejoined his sister; "it will take nearly sixty seconds to put all your wits to flight!"

"O, Jeanie! you're too bad," said Ned, laughing; "I don't really mean what I say, but you know—well, you know if I should make a mistake, he would almost eat me, he's so particular."

"That's as much as to say he would swallow all mistakes," returned Jeanie.

Ned threw a sofa cushion at her; but James, with a very grave face, said, "You needn't be afraid of him, Ned; it's nearly a week since he eat a boy of your size!"

"I think you're all talking nonsense," remarked Effie. "Come, Harry, let us go down

in the garden, and see Mr. Rivers." Away the two children ran.

"Our idle words have received a just rebuke," said Jeanie; "we should be more careful, boys."

"It was my fault," said Ned, "for I began the nonsense; but I'll try to remember in future."

"We'll all try," added James; "and now, let us go down to the garden."

Jeanie smoothed her hair, and followed her brothers to the piazza, where the family had assembled. Harry and Mr. Rivers were sitting out on the lawn; Effie was standing before them, seeming deeply interested in their conversation.

"What part of the sermon was it to which you refer?" asked Mr. Rivers, in answer to a question from Harry.

"It was near the beginning, I think; something about Christ's fighting for us, and His ascension being His triumph."

"And I liked that part of your sermon this afternoon," joined in Effie, "for it reminded me of a picture in the history Aunt Effie teaches me, where a general is throwing presents to the people after the victory."

"Ah, now I know the part to which you

refer, children; but let me remind you what I said before reading the sermon; it was not my own, it was one of Bishop Sparrow's upon Whitsuntide. I think this is something like the passage you wished me to repeat, Harry.

"On this day God sent His Holy Spirit a security for our future peace. The devil had taken us captive, so Jesus undertook to regain us. His death was His battle, for then He seemed overcome; but He got up again at His resurrection, which was His victory. His ascension was His triumph, and as ancient conquerors flung about them gifts on the last day of their triumph, so Christ gave His Spirit—to some, power of casting out devils; to others gifts of healing, gifts of faith, of knowledge, working of miracles, prophesies, and interpretation of tongues; therefore, in honor of these gifts of His Holy Spirit, we keep this day holy."

"Thank you; that is the part Effie and I liked," said Harry. "Now, Mr. Rivers, I want to ask you another question. "Is Whitsun-week kept as a festival like Easter?"

"Monday and Tuesday are festivals," replied the Rector; "but Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are observed as fasts, because they are Ember days."

The children looked puzzled. "We don't quite understand about Ember days," added Harry.

"Perhaps Miss Jeanie will tell us something of them," said Mr. Rivers, for he saw her coming with her brothers towards the place where they sat.

"I have come to tell you that tea is ready," she answered; "is that what you were wishing to know?"

"Not exactly; Effie and Harry were asking the meaning of Ember days, and I wished you to tell them its signification."

"You know why the Church has appointed these days, Harry?" said Jeanie, turning to her little cousin.

"Yes," he replied; "they are days of fasting and prayer for a blessing upon those who are to be ordained, just as the Apostles fasted and prayed before they laid their hands upon those whom they ordained."

"You are quite right, my boy," said Mr. Rivers. "At the first planting of the Gospel, orders were conferred at any time as occasion required, but as the Church became more settled, ordination was appointed at certain set times; this was the origin of these days of fasting."

"But they don't all come together like Lent?" asked Effie, as she took Jem's hand and went towards the house.

"Oh, no, Euphie. At the Council of Placentia, in the year 1095, the Ember seasons were arranged in the following order: the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, after the first Sunday in Lent; the next, after Whit-Sunday; the third, after the fourteenth of September, then observed as the feast of the Holy Cross; [10] and the last, after the thirteenth of December, about the time of the third Sunday in Advent."

Harry, who had taken his cousin Jem's other hand, now asked him why they were called *Ember* days. So he told him that the early Christians at seasons of fasting were accustomed to show their humiliation by sprinkling ashes

on their heads, and their food on these days was 'ember bread,' or cakes baked on embers, so some writers supposed this to be the origin of the name. By this time they reached the piazza; but Mr. Rivers with Jeanie and Ned were still some distance from the house. They, too, were talking about the Ember days. The Rector had asked Ned if he could think of some reasons why it was necessary to observe these days."

"I can only think of one," he replied, "and that is because we all want good and faithful ministers, so we ought to pray that those ordained by our Bishops will faithfully perform their vows."

"You could not have found a better reason," said the Rector. "Now, Miss Jeanie, can you help your brother?"

She hesitated a few moments, and then answered, "The observance of these days serve to remind our Bishops how careful they should be whom they ordain, and they remind the candidates to fit themselves for the solemn duties to which they are to be admitted."

"And I will give you still another reason,"

added the Rector. "You know that all ordinations are held in church, at which time the Bishop charges the people assembled, if they know of any impediment or crime for the which the candidate ought not to be received into the holy ministry, to come forward and show what that impediment is. Therefore the people, knowing the time of ordinations, may be present if they choose, to object against those whom they know to be unworthy."

As they were entering the door of the house, they met James coming towards them with a little table, Effie and Harry following with similar burdens. "Mamma will send our tea out here on the piazza," said Effie; "it is pleasanter than the parlor."

"And here comes Aunt Effie to see that we behave ourselves," added James, at the same time placing a chair for her. "Here, Aunt Effie, if you'll act like a good child you shall sit at my table."

"I'm going to sit by Mr. Rivers," exclaimed Ned, suiting the action to the word.

"And I, too," said Effie, running to the other side of the Rector.

"Where will you put me, Mr. Rivers?" asked Harry very piteously.

"Unless you are more quiet in settling yourselves, my children, I shall send for Mr. Rivers to come and help me to pour out tea," said Mrs. Ruthven looking out from the parlor window.

"Don't blame *them*, Mrs. Ruthven," replied the Rector smiling, "for I am the cause of all the noise. Here, Effie, you shall sit before me on this footstool; Harry and Ned come beside me, so Miss Jeanie may have her table all to herself."

After tea Mrs. Ruthven came out on the piazza. A more cheerful party could not well be imagined than that which was assembled there. Smiles and happy faces were seen on every side: no loud talking or foolish jesting disturbed the calm stillness of the closing Whit-Sunday; —then, when shadows lengthened upon the lawn, when the last crimson cloud took its purple hue, Jeanie and her mother commenced that exquisite hymn, "Softly now the light of day." All the children joined with them, and the deep feeling with which they sang the words, added

to the prayerful beauty of the hymn. Nor did they omit that glorious doxology,

"Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!"

But with louder and more exultant tone they awoke the far off echoes, and as they uttered the last line the rocks on the lake shore sent back the words "evermore shall be!"

The dew began to fall, and then they returned to the parlor, where the lamps were lighted. James, without consulting his brother, had laid Ned's portfolio on the table so there should be no delay, when Mr. Ruthven asked his son to read his "Whitsuntide." Ned looked rather bashful as he opened the portfolio, but the feeling soon passed away; for when Mr. Rivers caught sight of the long manuscript, he good-naturedly exclaimed, with an expression of surprise, "Why, my boy! had I known that so learned a young gentleman as yourself was my auditor to-day, I fear I should have been a little frightened in preaching before you."

This made Effie laugh, but Ned replied, "I'm

only a boy yet, Mr. Rivers; I'm not quite sixteen years old; of course your can't expect me to write as well, and know as much, as yourself and papa."

"Harry, don't tell your cousin," said the Rector in a loud whisper so that all might hear, "but *I* know somebody twice sixteen years old who hasn't got half as much written about Whitsuntide as Master Ned there!"

Thus encouraged, Ned was soon sufficiently himself to commence. He read on without interruption to the closing sentence, which was this: "Year after year, our holy Church, during the sadness of Passion week, calls to our minds the promise which our blessed Saviour made to His disciples, and to listen to His prayer, not only for Himself, but for all those who shall believe in Him through their word. On Good Friday we are reminded of His fearful agony and death; when Easter dawns we welcome with gladness His glorious resurrection —and again, after forty days are passed, we assemble to remember in prayer and praise His ascension to God's right hand. But the Church does not leave us here. By the confusion of

tongues at Babel, men lost the religion which God had given from Mount Sinai, and they became idolators; but at Pentecost, God's Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth which our Saviour had promised, descended in the shape of fiery tongues upon the Apostles, giving them knowledge to speak to all nations, teaching them God's new law, and proclaiming to all the world one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, which shall endure throughout eternity."

Mrs. Ruthven had been leaning over her son's chair as he read the last few lines, and now, when he ceased, she bent down and kissed the handsome forehead which he raised to her lips. "I can't get over my old fashion of making mamma kiss me when I've tried to be a good boy," he said.

"And you have been a good boy, my Edward," said Mr. Ruthven. "The moments of pleasure which you denied yourself to spend in writing what you have just read are not lost; every returning Whitsuntide you will remember them, and one of these days when you have no father here on earth, you will

think with joy of the great happiness you have caused me to-night."

Poor Ned was so unaccustomed to hear his father praise him, and speak in this tone, that something very like tears rushed to his eyes. "Oh, father," were the only words he said, and immediately left the room.

"He has certainly shown himself in a new light to me," said Mr. Rivers. "I have been very much gratified to-night; I never thought he had sufficient application to bend his mind to one subject as he seems to have done to this."

Ned did not hear Jeanie and James follow him, for he ran up to his room, and, sitting down on the bed, murmured to himself in broken sentences, "Goosey, goosey, Ned, to cry like a baby; I could not help it though, father spoke so soberly, as if he were going to die; then Aunt Effie looked so kindly at me, and —who's that?" he suddenly exclaimed, starting up, as he became aware that some one was in his room.

"Only us," replied Jeanie, running up and

putting her arms about him. "Jem and I came to see why you left the parlor so quickly."

"Yes, Ned," added his brother, "you didn't give us time to compliment you on your lecture."

"Nonsense, Jem," he replied, half smiling; "only it felt so funny to be called a good boy that it frightened me out of laughing; so I cried for the sake of doing something unusual!"

"There, you old pet, don't cry any more," said Jeanie, kissing his eyelids. "Come down in the library; we're going to try some new chants, and must have your tenor."

"Now wash your face by way of doing something else unusual," continued James; "cherry-colored eyes are not becoming!"

"Hush!" exclaimed his sister, didn't we agree not to talk nonsense this afternoon?"

"Ah, I'm afraid we didn't calculate how hard it would be to change our natures," sighed Jem.

"Speak for yourself," retorted Jeanie. "Now, good-bye; I hear mother already at the organ."

The evening was passed, as Sunday evenings usually were at Cedar Grove, in singing hymns until ten o'clock, when Mr. Rivers said "good-night." Mr. Ruthven urged him to stay until morning, but he declined, so Ned went to order the carriage. He had not long been gone from the room before he returned and motioned to his father to join him. "Please come down in the hall, papa," he whispered hurriedly, "I am sure I smell wood burning."

Ned was right. By the time Mr. Ruthven reached the hall, it was filled with smoke. The parlor door was open, still there was no sign of fire there; he walked to the end of the hall and threw open the dining-room door. Thick clouds of black smoke came rolling out, while bright red flames glimmered through it. The servants, who were sitting in the kitchen beyond the dining-room, and divided from it by a narrow passage, had also noticed the smoke; and just as Mr. Ruthven opened the door from the front hall, they had opened the opposite door. Their screams immediately alarmed the family, who were talking in the library; but before they could get down, Ned,

with great presence of mind, darted up there, exclaiming, as cheerfully as possible, "Don't be frightened, mother, only the dining-room is on fire!" Mr. Rivers and Jem ran down stairs; the others would have followed, but Ned held them back, saying, "Mother, Jeanie, and Aunt Effie, bring down all the water pitchers, we may want them. Harry and Euphie, you collect all the blankets off the beds—don't be frightened, only be quick."

Notwithstanding his words, their hearts beat quickly, for the smoke was spreading through the whole house, and, as yet, they could not discover in what part of the room the fire was. James went outside of the house, round into the kitchen, to quiet the servants, and make them obey him, if possible. Davys brought the small engine from the green-house, and, under Jem's direction, placed it so as to play upon the flames, which seemed extending towards the kitchen. To prevent a draft, Mr. Ruthven closed the door leading to the front hall, but not before Mr. Rivers and Ned had made their way into the dining-room upon their hands and knees.

They discovered the fire entirely upon the

opposite side of the room. "The silver!" exclaimed Ned, suddenly. "Look, Mr. Rivers, the side-board is on fire."

"Keep as near the ground as possible, my boy," said the Rector, in a calm voice, "or you will be stifled. Where is the silver kept?"

"Laws! old Tim's got 'er silber all safe three minutes ago!" replied a well-known voice near them, coughing and choking from the smoke.

"Where are you, Tim?" asked Ned, groping in the direction of the voice. "O, Tim, you're burning! I smell woolen!"

"I's not woolen, Master Ned. It's only the ironing blanket I's got round me to smudder 'er fire like!"

"Which side shall I throw the water?" called Jem, from the kitchen door.

"To 'er right, under der shelf for der silber tea-pots," by which name Tim designated the side-board.

The water came dashing in that direction, but the small stream was of no avail, for the floor and the wainscoting had burned to a cinder, and flames were creeping up and clinging to the furniture, and the paper on the wall. "Creep to

the door, Ned, and pass along buckets of water; Tim and I will fling it on the floor and walls, while Davys will continue throwing water on other parts of the room, to prevent the flames from extending."

Harry and Effie, who had finished collecting the blankets, were now in the kitchen. James stationed himself at the pump, and Jeanie, with the four women servants, passed along the water pails as fast as they were filled, while Mrs. Ruthven, Aunt Effie, and the children, placed themselves so as to return them when empty. Mr. Ruthven and Davys did their best to keep the fire from spreading; but the smoke was so dense, it was some time before they perceived that they made any headway.

After half an hour's steady work, the flames were extinguished, and Tim, having procured an ax, cut away the burned floor, and drenched the remnants of the beams beneath with water. In an hour's time, all danger was over.

Then James and Ned employed themselves in clearing the room of the remaining furniture, while Mrs. Ruthven and Mrs. Howard opened all the doors and windows to air the house.

Poor Jeanie, as soon as the excitement of being compelled to work was over, tottered into the parlor, but sank fainting to the floor before she could reach the sofa. Effie, who had never seen a person faint, thought her sister was dying, for she screamed, "Mamma, mamma, papa, Jamie, Jeanie is dead; oh, she's dead! Effie'll die, too!" Down knelt the little creature on the floor, and took her sister's head in her lap.

Her screams brought James and Ned. "She has fainted!" they exclaimed; and Ned rushed back to the hall, and, catching up a pail, dashed the water into Jeanie's face. For a moment, Effie was too indignant to speak, but, at last, she exclaimed, "You shan't hurt her, because she's dead!" and then she threw her little arms around her sister, and called again for her mother.

This time her cries brought her father and Mr. Rivers. Jeanie, too, opened her eyes, and tried to stand up; but she fell back, and fainted again. James and his father carried her to the sofa; Ned brought hartshorn, and Harry ran to the kitchen for more water. Effie, still sobbing violently, started to find "mamma," but

Mr. Rivers caught her in his arms, and explained that Jeanie had only fainted; then he took her to the side of the sofa, where she might watch until her sister recovered. No sooner did he place her on the floor, however, than she darted into the buttery, and, breaking off a piece of cake, flew back to the parlor. "Here, Jeanie, take this! It's sponge cake!" she exclaimed, in triumph. "I'm sure you're dead, if you don't eat it."

It was impossible to refrain from laughing; even Jeanie, who had opened her eyes, smiled. Effie was so delighted with the success of her remedy, that the others would not undeceive her; and when mamma came down stairs, Effie gave her a graphic account of Jeanie's fainting fit, and how the sight of a piece of cake had cured her.

"We shall all faint, mamma, unless we have something to eat," said Ned. "In New York all good Christian people give their firemen a supper after they put out the fire; I think the Cedar Grove firemen ought to fare as well!"

"Supper will be ready in a very few moments," answered his father. "You had better

say 'good night,' dear Jeanie," he continued, "mamma will send you something to eat."

"Let me act as a crutch for your ladyship," said Ned offering his arm.

"I suppose it wouldn't be kind in me to say that you're such a poor stick that's all you're fit for," interposed James.

"Not unless you want to be caned to-morrow," returned Ned.

"Nobody shall be 'caned' on my birth-day," said Effie.

"Oh!" burst from all the children. "Why, Euphie, we had forgotten that it was your birthday! You'll have to take eight little slaps on your fat little shoulders," said Jem.

"Oh, I'll take payment in kisses; wait till it's *light*, to-morrow morning," she added, as James pointed to the clock; it was after *one*. "I don't want my birth-day to begin till daylight."

"I shall see you at breakfast, Mr. Rivers," said Jeanie as she bid him good-night.

"Yes, I will accept your father's invitation to remain here; besides, I shall be interested not only in learning the cause of the fire, but

in seeing Effie receive the eight slaps from you all!"

"Oh, how cruel you are!" said the little girl. I'll stay up in the nursery until they promise to give me kisses, and perhaps I won't invite you to my picnic to-morrow. Now, mamma, only let me have some bread and milk, and I will go to bed, too."

"Come here, Effie," called Mrs. Howard over the banisters. "I have some up here for you."

"It has been a long Whit-Sunday to us, my children," said Mr. Ruthven as he kissed his daughters good-night. "It might have been a very sad one, but Ned's thoughtfulness called attention to the fire in time, while James not only exerted himself, but by his example cheered us all. And, Jeanie," her father took her hand, "you did not wait to be told what to do, as you would have done two years ago, the servants relied upon your judgment, for they saw that you relied upon yourself. This fire has been but a small matter in comparison to what it might have been, but it has served to show me how much improvement you have made in overcoming your chief faults."

CHAPTER VIII.

"When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old."
MOORE.

WHAT caused the fire? This question was eagerly discussed at the breakfast table, but for a long time no clue could be discovered. "Who was in the room last?" asked Mr. Ruthven. "Where were the matches? Was there any paper left near a candle?"

"I can answer all those questions," said Mrs. Ruthven. "I put out all of the lights myself, for I was the last in the room. The matches were in the stone match-safe on the mantle-piece; there was no paper—" she paused; "yes, there was; while pouring out tea for you, I was looking over 'The Church Journal,' and when I went to put away the silver, I left it on the side-board; but I blew out all

the candles, so I'm sure no sparks could have fallen on it."

"Please, ma'am," interposed Katie the waitress, "but Tim was a tellin' us this morning how that the tea-kittle was all a-fire last night when he fetched it to the kitchen, and he blowed the light out, for he said he didn't see the use of havin' more nor one fire a-going at a time."

Mrs. Ruthven turned very pale, "Oh, James!" she exclaimed, looking at her husband.

"Why, mamma, what's the matter?" exclaimed all the children.

"It is all my fault," she replied hurriedly, "all my own carelessness. I forgot to put out the little spirit-lamp when I placed the kettle on the side-board, and the paper was so near it!"

"Then you are the incendiary," replied Mr. Ruthven, with a smile. "Well, I'm glad our loss is so slight, and glad, too, that we have discovered the origin of the fire."

"Oh, it was such shameful carelessness in me!" she continued. "I must be careful how

I blame your thoughtlessness in future, dear Ned.

"I don't mean to require any more blame for that. If it was your *thoughtlessness* that caused the fire, father said last night that my *thoughtfulness* discovered it in time; so you see we only changed thoughts for a while."

"Mother isn't comforted yet," said James, glancing at his mother's face. "Indeed, mamma, we've lost nothing of value."

His mother shook her head, and pointed to a picture which was leaning against the wall. "Our 'Gainsborough' is scorched and blackened beyond hope of restoration."

"I had forgotten that, mamma," replied James; "however, we'll pass it off for one of the 'old masters;' Ned and I will make a worm-eaten wood frame, and Jeanie can varnish it and put a dark brown shade over the foreground, and—"

"And you are talking nonsense, dear Jem," said Jeanie. "I am so sorry that that picture is burned; I cannot make fun of it. We can never get another like it."

"Never mind," interposed Effie, looking at

her mother and Jeanie, "we can look out of the window, and see the live moolie cows lying down in the field, just like those in the picture, and they are prettier than painted moolie cows, too! And, mamma, if you were a little girl like me, with nothing to think about, you would have remembered the light; but you have so many things to keep in your mind, that I should think you would forget half of them."

"Euphie never blames any one; she has an excuse for everybody," said Ned.

"Yes, I do blame sometimes; I blame you now for not filling my bowl with milk; see, it's all gone."

"What is the order for the day?" asked Aunt Effie of James, as they left the breakfast table. "I presume we are all going to church this morning; if so, is it not time for the walking party to set out?"

"I believe we must all be a 'walking party' to-day," he replied, "for Tim has driven to Dale Hill to bring carpenters and masons to repair the dining-room. Jeanie, however, will drive to church with father, and when service is over, Tim will meet us, and take us to Bash-

Bish Falls, where Euphie has decided to hold her birth-day picnic."

Mrs. Ruthven and the Rector had started for the village immediately after breakfast; James, Effie, and Harry were the first to follow them. "Now, Jamie," began his little sister, "you must tell me all about that game of the Lettuce King, which you were going to explain to us on Saturday night, only you didn't come home."

"Certainly, Euphie; but the story I promised to tell you, I will keep until this afternoon, when we're out in the woods. Perhaps we can try the game, or something like it."

"But I don't know what it is," she replied.

"Then I will tell you. Harry, do you know where Thuringia is?"

"Yes; in Germany. Mother has often told me stories of the forests of Thuringia, and the Castle of Wartburg, where Luther made his translation of the Bible."

"Thuringia is now included in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimer-Eisenach," continued James. Formerly, it was the custom on the third and last day of Whitsuntide, for one of the young peasants to allow his companions to conceal him,

by decking him with green boughs, and, after placing him upon a horse, to lead him before the 'Schulze,' or Mayor, who was allowed to guess three times who the concealed person was. If he failed to guess correctly, he was obliged to forfeit a quantity of beer; and even if he succeeded, he was obliged to give it to the 'green man,' or 'Lettuce King,' as he was called, as a thank-offering for his success."

"O! that wasn't fair," said Harry.

"Never mind, Harry," rejoined Effie, "perhaps he gave them bad beer; anyway, I guess they had fun. Tell us something more, Jamie." But before her brother could reply, some fringed gentian attracted her attention, and she ran off to the margin of the swamp to gather it.

Jeanie almost repented of her decision to ride to church, as she stood on the piazza, waiting for her father. "It is such a charming morning to walk!" she exclaimed, as the carriage came to the door.

"You will find climbing to Eagle's Nest, at Bash-Bish, quite enough for you," said her father. "It would never do to be too tired to enjoy Effie's picnic this afternoon."

"I had quite forgotten that; well, riding isn't so bad, after all," she added, as the horses started on a brisk trot, and whirled the little carriage over the smooth road. "Don't upset me, papa, as you did in our sleigh-ride, last year; snow and dirt are different substances to fall upon."

"No danger, Jeanie," replied her father; and see how soft the grass looks."

"And how smooth the rocks are. But look on the meadows, father; are not the cloud-shadows beautiful?"

"Whenever we have a day like this, I am reminded of those lines by George Herbert:—

> "'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky;
> The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die.'"

"I remember the whole of that little poem," answered Jeanie; "but it is so sad, papa, to think that every thing pleasant and beautiful must die."

"But it is not sad to think of those pleasant things in the beautiful heaven above us, which we hope to enjoy."

"If we only become 'children of light,' as the Gospel for to-day teaches," said Jeanie thoughtfully.

"By baptism, my daughter, you were made a child of light, and at confirmation you received those gifts of grace which will enable you to overcome the world, and finally to inherit the life eternal for which God gave His only Son. But this sacrament and rite will not save you, unless you carefully keep the vows therein imposed. Some other time I will speak of this subject to you; for I see we are near the village, and I wish to ask you questions about the lessons for to-day. Have you read them, Jeanie?"

"Those for the morning, papa. The first lesson is about the confusion of tongues; the second tells us the different gifts of the Spirit, and reminds us how we are all members of Christ."

"The first evening lesson is the one to which I wished more particularly to call your attention: it is an account of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the seventy elders of Israel, so that they might have wisdom to assist Moses in governing the people, thereby prefiguring the

descent on the Apostles, showing that the care of the Church was not to lie all on one person."

"How much trouble it must have been to the compilers of our liturgy to arrange appropriate lessons for the different holy days," said Jeanie.

"Not only the Lessons, but the Collects, Gospels and Epistles. Take the Gospel for to-morrow as an instance; as this is one of the Ember-weeks, we have the parable of those good shepherds who, entering their sheep-folds through the door, know and call their sheep by name, while those who enter by any other way are thieves and robbers. Christ is that door through which His priests are admitted into His Church, and to their care the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls comits us His children. We are the sheep unto which the Good Shepherd must grant protection, till He leads us into those safe green pastures and still waters of our peaceful home."

As Mr. Ruthven ceased speaking, they reached the church. James helped his sister from the carriage, and they wandered about the

church-yard, with Effie and Harry, until the bells began tolling.

The children were very quiet during church time, but as soon as service was ended, Euphie followed Harry and Ned into the road where Tim was waiting for them. "Did Biddy give you the baskets?" was Ned's first question. The next moment he caught sight of them, and, pulling them out from under the seat, tried to lift the covers.

"Old Tim tied 'em down—Biddy was affeard Master Ned would eat all 'ee feed." The old man laughed at Ned's disappointed face.

"Never mind," he exclaimed, "I only hope she has put in a dozen hard-boiled eggs for me!"

"It isn't civil to think what you're going to get to eat when you go to a party," said Effie, holding herself very straight, and trying to keep a very dignified look; "unless you stop trying to see my dinner, I'll say 'Sister Euphie will not be happy to see brother Ned, on her birth-day, at the Falls of Bash-Bish.'"

"Why has my little pet got her curly head perched on one side?" asked James, lifting his

little sister into the wagon, and without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Now, my little woman, who do you want to be your companions in our ride?"

"Mamma and every body," said Effie, looking around; then a sorrowful expression came over her face—"I don't know who to leave out to go with papa."

"Papa has decided for himself," said her father coming up to the wagon; "Aunt Effie will ride with me, and Harry, too, if he wishes."

But Effie insisted that Harry should sit between Ned and herself; while Jeanie took the back seat with her mother, and James in front with Tim. Thus seated, they started towards Bash-Bish. "I'm glad I'm not with papa," said Effie. "Just see how fast he is driving," she exclaimed, pointing to her father's wagon which was nearly out of sight.

"Here, Dash! Dash!"—Ned and Jem commenced whistling, for the dog, as if following the direction of Effie's finger, had darted at full spead after Mr. Ruthven. The whistling recalled him, and then Ned charged him not to try another race with 'Fox' and 'Ripton.'

"A piece of advice which I hope he will mind," added James; "he should remember that horse-racing, not dog-racing, was a favorite pastime among the English noblemen during the Whitsuntide holidays. You see I could not help dragging in a little piece of information."

"We are such a bundle of 'customs' and 'superstitions,' that I think mother had better present us to one of the libraries in New York as reference books," said Jeanie.

"What a pretty volume you would make perched on one of those wire-covered shelves at the Society Library."

"Oh, I should take care always to be out!" replied his sister.

"So you would consider yourself worth reading?" added James.

"Certainly. I should be 'volume second' to you," returned Jeanie.

"Mother, just kiss that civil sister of mine," exclaimed Jem. "The next pretty bunch of pink kalmia we pass, I will gather it for you, my 'lass o' Gowrie!"

"You are too valuable to be spared from my own library, children," said mamma; "only

I sometimes wish you could emulate the silence of the other volumes there."

"Shall we try the adage, 'children should be seen and not heard?'" asked Ned.

"No, no," answered Effie, "not now; you must talk and tell me what games we can have to-day."

"If I must keep up my character as reference book, I reply that the games at Whitsuntide were like Lord of Misrule; Morris Dances;[12] and dramatic exhibitions were also common."

"Please don't talk any more nonsense, Ned," rejoined Effie. "Mamma, how shall we amuse ourselves after dinner?"

"Suppose we plan our excursion in this way. As soon as we get out of the wagon in the glen below the Falls, we will leave our shawls in charge of Tim, and go up the left side of the mountain to Eagle's Nest; after resting there—"

"And listening to a story from Jem," interposed Ned.

"Very well," continued mamma; "then we will come down to the glen again by the

right-hand path, and Tim will have our table spread on the great rock at the foot of the Falls."

"Perhaps the water in the 'Basin' will be too high for us to reach it," said Jeanie.

"If so, we will have to eat on the little bank opposite the Falls; however, we can arrange such matters when we get there," returned Ned. "After dinner, we will scramble through the woods, and assume picturesque attitudes for Jeanie's sketching propensities. I'm sure that sketch-book is in her bag. Why, Jen! what else have you here?" Ned had opened the satchel which lay in the bottom of the wagon, and began turning out the things. His sister tried to stop him, but she could not; so she was obliged to join in the shouts of laughter which greeted the appearance of its contents. "What's all this?" He unrolled a towel in which was wrapt a brush and comb. "Now for the looking-glass—oh, here it is!" but he was mistaken—it was a gaiter-boot.

"Shoes!" exclaimed Effie. "What did you bring them for, Jeanie?"

"In case I wet my feet," replied her sister; "the ground is often wet near the Falls."

"Such thoughtfulness was worthy of my long head," remarked Ned, as he continued his investigations.

James declared he would give her the first 'rue' he found, in token of remembrance, adding, that perhaps the 'rue' which crazy Heff gave her in the woods had made her thoughtful to-day.

"Crazy Heff?" asked Mrs. Ruthven. "Did you see the poor follow, Jem? You have not told us much about your ride."

James then gave an account of their meeting with the old man, not forgetting the charcoal-burners' village, and Jeanie leaping her horse over the little mud-pie bakers.

"Rolling in the mud, were they?" exclaimed Ned. "How classical and appropriate, for you know in Ireland it was a custom—"

His brother and sisters set up a shout as if to drown his voice. "I protest against further information and 'customs,'" cried James.

"Customs for ever!" yelled Ned, louder than all, and in the same key continued, "On the

day before Whitsuntide in some places, men and boys—" Again the rest of the children made such racket that Master Ned gave up, declaring that they were a set of graceless ignoramuses, and that he wouldn't waste his superior knowledge upon them.

They had been slowly winding up a steep mountain road, bordered on their left by a ravine, through which flowed a brook, while thick woods and high rocks made an impenetrable barrier on their other side. A sudden turn around a projecting ledge of rock brought them once more on level ground for a short distance; the bank of rocks disappeared also, and a grassy hill took its place, where pine, chestnut, and oak trees shaded a small spring in the green bank. At this spot there was a trough to water the horses, and a rock basin, too, from which thirsty travellers could drink. The children finished their yelling just as they came to this shady grove.

"My dear children," exclaimed their father's voice, "have you so soon forgotten your promise to be thoughtful?"

"Oh, father, forgive us," answered Ned, al-

most impatiently. "I will endeavor to remember."

"We are all to blame," said James; "Jeanie and I began the screaming first; this road is so uninhabited, I knew no one could hear us."

"I would not blame any of you to-day, children," returned their father; "you might yell and scream as much as you please provided mamma's head could stand it. But jump out and run about the woods while Tim is watering the horses."

"How long have you been waiting for us?" asked mamma of Aunt Effie; then turning to her husband, "You drove at such a furious rate when you started from the village, I certainly thought you must have reached Bash-Bish by this time."

"We drove more slowly afterwards," he replied; "this scenery is too beautiful to pass rapidly by. But look at those young ones! what is Ned doing?"

"They are helping themselves to the oak wreaths which I have been making while sitting here," said Aunt Effie.

With the aid of his sister's brush and comb,

Ned parted his hair in the middle, put on a wreath of oak leaves, and wrapped Jeanie's shawl around him. "Now this is like pictures of Sappho!" he was exclaiming, as his mother turned in the direction her husband had pointed. He was balancing himself more in the position of the flying Mercury than that of the poetess of the island of Lesbos. James suggested the mistake. "Oh, but I am representing her, as she leaped from the Leucadian rock."

"But you're not the 'violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho,'" persisted James.

"Then I'll try another character," he replied. Down he jumped, and, throwing himself into an absurdly ungraceful attitude over the clear spring, called himself "Narcissus."

"I wonder if your beauty will entrance you until we come back?" said his mother, "for Tim is ready to start once more."

"I'm not appreciated," sighed Ned; "I shall have to adopt my own character again."

"There is another which you might adopt," replied Jem; "your knowledge of Whitsuntide customs may recall it to you."

"I fear I am blissfully ignorant," he answered, climbing into the wagon. "What is it?"

"I'll not hurt your feelings by telling you at once," said his brother; "but you know whose day we call the 'first of April'—well, the Hindoos kept a similar day of foolery; and now may I ask if you ever heard of the Whitsun Fool?"

"Oh, is that the character you would have me assume? I'll do it then; for if I remember rightly, it was his duty to beg money of all travellers for the parish church—so give me some pennies, my dear brother!"

Without looking at the cap which Ned held out to him, Jem shook his head, saying, "You can't assume the character until you are disguised in the dress of a fool."

"Oh, then lend me your coat, Jem!" retorted Ned.

The children commenced laughing, but Jeanie said, "And if he should lend it to you, whom do you purpose to employ in patching it with various colors and trimming it with squirrel tails and bells, as the orthodox fool's coat was

adorned? Ah, no, Ned, never borrow, when you can use your own as well."

"So you want to laugh at me, sweet sister. Very well, I'll amuse myself at your expense." Ned picked up the satchel, and began to investigate once more. It is needless to say upon whom the laugh was now turned, as he drew out a pair of stockings wrapped around a sketch-book, six lemons, and a box of Daly's Pain Extractor, some adhesive plaster and Putnam's Monthly, with several other equally incongruous articles.

"Harry, darling, why are you so quiet today?" said Mrs. Ruthven; "you have hardly spoken a word since we started from home."

"Perhaps we'll find his tongue in the bag," suggested Ned.

"No, indeed," replied Harry; "I don't give people a chance to steal it from me. I think you must have found your own there, Cousin Ned, for you've been using it ever since you began rummaging that satchel."

"Well done, Harry!" said Jem. "There, Brother Ned, what do you think of yourself, now?"

"I feel like jumping in the bag and being shut up," was his reply.

"Jeanie, change places with Effie and Harry," said her mother.

Tim stopped the wagon, and Mrs Ruthven took the little children beside her. Harry at once became very talkative, and told his aunt how much he liked the long ride, and the beautiful mountains which surrounded them, and the tall forest trees they passed; while Effie listened to the birds, and looked at the wild flowers scattered on every side, and then, nestling her head on her mother's shoulder, fell asleep to dream of bright blossoms and murmuring brooks.

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill;
Your legs are young."

CYMBELINE, Act III., Scene 3d.

THE Falls of Bash-Bish are situated in a gorge formed by the Taghonic range and a spur of the Green Mountains, running westward through the south-western corner of Massachusetts. Their wildness, their total seclusion, and the extremely picturesque beauty of the scenery, have lately attracted the attention of our American artists; and travellers from foreign shores have journeyed many miles to gaze upon the giant rocks, and crystal waters dashing from beside the mountain above into the black basin beneath, from whence they again rush over rocks, and down through the narrow glen, forming a thousand water-falls, and showering, with silvery spray, the little rainbows, trembling over this mountain stream.

Those who have lingered "in the deep Trosachs' wildest nook" may once again fancy themselves in "Bonnie Scotland," when they look down the Bash-Bish gorge, and again, while wandering up the mountain side, they will recall to mind the Rhymer's Glen, at Abbotsford. This was the spot where little Effie Ruthven had chosen to spend her birth-day, and it was the muffled roar of the Falls which chased away the beautiful dreams, and caused her to open her eyes, exclaiming, "Why, mamma! are we here already."

The children were soon out of the wagon, and down they ran to the basin at the foot of the Falls. Ned, turning to the right, went over the rustic foot-bridge which led to the opposite bank, beside the Falls themselves. "Come this way, children," called their father, as he saw them preparing to go up the mountain, "we will ascend to Eagle's Nest from the other side, and come down by the path you are following."

Jeanie, James, and Ned persuaded their father to let them continue on their way, promising to meet him on the summit; but Effie and

Harry returned, and joined their parents, who walked a short distance up the road, and, turning to the right, crossed the Bash-Bish River above the Falls. They soon reached the path opposite to the one which the other children had taken, and then came the toil of a mountain scramble. This was real fun to Effie and Harry; and they sprang up the steep bank, occasionally catching hold of the trees and shrubs for support, then pausing to rest on the rocks until overtaken by their parents."

The side which Ned had chosen to guide his sister and brother, was far more difficult of ascent: the path was steeper, longer, and not so clearly defined. They lost their way more than once, and, by the time they reached Eagle's Nest, their father and his party had been there nearly half an hour. "Why do they call this Eagle's Nest, papa?" asked Effie; "it don't look like a 'nest.'"

"Do you see that flat rock, projecting before us?" said her father. "The 'nest' is under that rock; now I will hold you and Harry so as to look into it."

Effie at first drew back from the precipice,

but Harry whispered: "Oh, Effie, don't be frightened; your papa won't let you fall!"

"I know that, Harry; but it made me dizzy to look down in the glen. Here, papa—I'm ready now."

Her father led her to the verge of the rock, and held her firmly while she leaned far over, and looked into the cave under it.* There was nothing in this hole but some withered branches of hemlock, and heaps of dried leaves — the eagle (if one had ever lived there) had long since deserted his eyrie. Each of the children, in turn, looked from the rock. About a hundred and fifty feet below them, to the right, was the Bash-Bish River, dashing over the ledge of rocks which forms the first, or "Upper Fall," and then, after winding for a short distance, at the depth of two hundred feet beneath, the river is divided by an enormous rock,† into two streams, which flow on either side of it, into

* Within the last year a path has been made into this cave, but it requires a stronger head, and firmer steps, than most people possess, to attempt the descent.

† Early in the spring, or during a great freshet, this rock is sometimes covered with water; but the writer of this story has never but once been so fortunate as to witness it thus.

the basin at the foot of Eagle Nest Mountain, thus forming the "second," or "Lower Fall." Hills covered with trees, and here and there a precipice of dark gray rock, shut out all other views. No sound was heard save the rush of the waters and the songs of mountain birds; no sign of life could be traced on those rocky walls, where the moss had been creeping slowly and noiselessly, as centuries glided away.

While the others were looking at the "nest," James and Ned amused themselves by gathering hemlock boughs, to make seats for the party to sit down and rest. After they had taken their places, Effie begged Jem to tell them his promised story. "I have almost forgotten the one you mean," said her brother; "what was the name of it?"

But Ned answered, "I remember; it was to be called 'The Severed Hand.'"

"What a ferocious title!" remarked his mother.

"The story is nearly equal to it," answered James. "Shall I commence?"

"Yes," they all replied.

"Once upon a time there lived a miller in

Norway, who was so unfortunate as to have his mill destroyed by fire on two successive Whitsun-eves. The third year just before Whitsuntide, he had a tailor in his house to make holiday clothes for him. 'I wonder if my mill will be burnt to-night,' said the miller.

"'Give me the key,' replied the tailor, 'and I will go and keep watch in it.'

"The miller thanked his friend, and praised him as a model of goodness; and when evening came, he gave him the key. The tailor took a large kettle with him, and plenty of milk, to make himself some porridge, besides an old sabre to defend himself in case robbers attacked him. As it grew late, he built a blazing fire, mixed his porridge, and put it over to boil. At the dead of night, the door of the mill suddenly flew open; the tailor seized his sabre, but he quickly laid it down, for nothing but a troop of black cats entered—cat after cat, and still they came, until the room was filled with them. Now, to tell the truth, the tailor was afraid of spirits; so before he sat down to eat his bowl of porridge, he had drawn a circle on the floor, around which he wrote his 'pater-

noster,' so he thought no unearthly being would dare enter to the centre, where he sat.

"By and by, one of the cats caught sight of the kettle, and ran up and tried to overturn it. 'Whist, cat, or you'll burn yourself!" exclaimed the tailor. Away the cat ran, and calling the other cats to her, they all began to hop and dance around the circle; but in a few moments puss returned to the porridge-pot, and tried again to upset it. 'Whist, cat, or you'll burn yourself,' again said the tailor, and drove it from the chimney. 'Whist, cat, or you'll burn yourself, the tailor says,' said the cat to the other cats; and they all began hopping again; but in a moment the same cat was away, repeating her efforts to overturn the pot. 'Whist, cat, or you'll burn yourself,' again exclaimed the tailor, in such a rage that all the cats began tumbling and turning over each other; but they soon resumed their dancing with such increased velocity, that it seemed to the tailor as if every thing was whirling round before him. All this time the cats were staring at him with their great fierce eyes, as though they would swallow him. At last the cat who had

tried to upset the pot, put her paw within the circle, as if she felt inclined to seize hold of the tailor; but he kept his hand on his sabre, and when she put it in a second time, he choped it off. Then all the cats rushed away, screeching and howling, as quickly as they could, and left the tailor in quiet possession of the mill.

"When morning came, he arose, locked the mill-door, and went to the miller's house. Being Whit-Sunday, the miller and his wife were up bright and early. 'Good-morning,' said the miller, shaking hands with the tailor, glad and somewhat surprised to see him in safety once more. 'Come, wife, let us all shake hands,' he continued, 'my mill is safe.' Bnt his wife appeared confused and angry, and refused to shake hands, keeping her hands under her apron, and when her husband caught hold of her arm, lo! her right hand was gone.

"The tailor now exhibited the paw he had cut off; but instead of a cat's paw, it had become a woman's hand, with a golden ring, bearing the miller's cypher, on one of the fingers. And this was—'The Severed Hand.' "[13]

"What became of them all?" asked Effie, as James ceased speaking.

"The story says, that when the town authorities got hold of the matter, the woman was burned as a witch, but history is silent on all other points."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Ned, "for I'm very hungry!"

"Oh, you naughty, rude boy!" exclaimed Effie; "you ought to thank Jamie for telling us the story, even if it did tire you."

"I *do* thank him, Euphie; only I forgot to *say* so!" he replied.

When they started to go down the mountain they again separated; James, Jeanie, and Ned determining to find a path for themselves, while Mr. Ruthven and his party went by the way the children had ascended. The steepness was no drawback to their descent, and the path was so familiar to Mr. Ruthven that he guided them quickly and safely to the glen where Tim had already built a fire to roast the potatoes and boil the tea-kettle.

The rock on which the table was spread was nearly in the centre of the basin, and

joined to the land by stepping-stones and smaller rocks. The water at this season of the year was so low that they could reach this rock without wetting their feet, but the spray from the falls made the stones slippery and dangerous to step upon. Tim carried Effie and Harry to the seats he had made with the wagon cushions, beside the table; and there the little ones sat looking down into the clear water, or holding up their faces to catch the tiny drops when the breeze wafted the spray of the Falls towards them.

"I wish the children would come," said mamma; "I have made the tea, and Tim tells me the potatoes are done."

"And the chickens, and eggs, sandwiches, pies and cakes, don't they look nice!" exclaimed Effie. "Come, Ned," she shouted. The Falls drowned her soft voice; but Ned saw her turning her little face in every direction, and the next moment, although she could not see him, she heard his peculiar "whoop," which told her that he was near.

"Well, Tim would like to know how they got thar!" exclaimed the old man, whose quick

eye had detected the waving of a white handherchief from behind some bushes, above the Lower Fall.

Mrs. Ruthven looked in the direction he pointed, just as a great log of wood came dashing down into the basin, flinging a shower of water over the two children. They were startled for a moment, but when they looked up again, and saw Jeanie and James launching another log for their amusement, they laughed and stretched out their little hands, as if to prevent another splashing. Ned, in the meanwhile, perched himself on the rock which divided the Falls; his father motioned the thoughtless boy to get down, the place was too dangerous even for an older person.

Tim, who knew every inch of ground in that region, assured Mr. Ruthven, that as long as Ned kept quiet there would be no danger. "Master Ned nebber could have got to that ere rock if 'e water had a bin high; so, even if he tumble down back, he won't come ober der Falls."

Notwithstanding this assurance, Mrs. Ruthven was too anxious to have him in so danger-

ous a spot, for the least motion forward would have hurled him nearly a hundred feet, into the rocky basin. Obedient to the motions of his father, Ned carefully descended the rock; but when he was within a foot of the dry bed of the river, he lost his balance, and fell, just on the brink of the Fall!

Poor Mrs. Ruthven became as white and cold as marble, while her eyes were riveted upon her child, struggling, it appeared to her, in the rushing waters! It seemed but a moment before Tim and Mr. Ruthven had scaled the steep bank, and gained the head of the Fall. "Safe! safe!" shouted Tim's voice. The mother's ear, alone, caught these words, through the heavy rolling sound which filled the air; for, her eyes closed, and murmuring "Thank God! my child is safe!" she sank into Aunt Effie's arms.

James swung himself down the bank, and crossed the rocks, to the place where his mother was sitting. "Mother! mother!" he exclaimed, "Ned is safe—I hurried to tell you."

His mother opened her eyes, and sat up. Her cheek flushed, but it paled immediately; "*Safe*, and still on the brink of the Fall?" she

asked, pointing up, for Ned was in the same position.

"Yes, mother," replied Jem, trying to conceal a smile — "he has slipped down between two old trees which have fallen into the river, just above the Fall, and he is so wedged in he can't get out; his legs are the only part of his body in the water."

"Oh, Jamie!" broke in Effie, who had covered her face from the time she saw Ned slip down, until she heard Jem's voice, "Jamie, it looks so dreadful from here!"

"So it does, pet — no wonder you were all frightened; but, see — father and Tim are lifting him up."

Dangerous as Ned's position seemed, and frightened as they had all been, it was impossible not to smile as they watched the exertions to pull the young gentleman from his foot-bath. In time, he was once more on his feet, and Jeanie, under Tim's care, was the first to reach the "table-rock," on which the dinner was spread; but several moments passed before Ned and his father joined them. The poor boy looked rather downcast, as he ap-

proached his mother, yet he tried to seem cheerful when she kissed him, and made room for him beside her. "Oh, mamma! I'm afraid I will never be thoughtful," he whispered. "I am sure you are tired of hearing me say, 'I'll try'—but indeed I *will* try harder than ever, after this, not to jump at the first thing which comes into my head!"

Before they commenced dinner, Mr. Ruthven drew James aside, and reproved him severely for allowing Ned to climb upon the rock. James made no reply; but his brother, guessing, by his father's face, the subject of the conversation, ran towards him, exclaiming, "Father, don't blame Jem, both he and Jeanie begged me not to go there, and I wouldn't mind them."

Mr. Ruthven looked at his handsome sons with all a father's pride. "What noble boys they are," was his thought, but he merely said, "We will forget this matter; but remember, Edward, I have your promise to try and be less impulsive. Jem did not tell me that he had cautioned you, or I should not have blamed him."

"I knew he wouldn't," exclaimed Ned; "that's the reason I came to tell you myself. You are a good old brother," he whispered, turning towards James, as their father moved away.

"And you're another," replied Jem, throwing his arm across his brother's shoulders, and marching off towards the dinner-table.

"Who laughed at these things?" asked Jeanie, holding her stockings and gaiters before Ned. "Mother says you must put them on, while Tim hangs yours by the fire to dry."

Aunt Effie followed, bringing a towel. "Take off your wet boots," she said, "and rub your feet well with the towel, or you'l take cold."

Ned sat down, and looked at the shoes which his sister gave him. "Talk of Cinderella's glass slippers!" he exclaimed, after some consideration; "why, her old sisters might have put it on more easily than I can get my foot into this small arrangement! Why, Jen, these little heels would pitch me head first into the water, if I tried to walk to my place at the table!"

"Nonsense," replied his sister, laughing; "just try it—but stop, I will give you these

strong walking-boots I have on; I am sure you can wear them."

The change was accordingly made; and although they fitted tightly, Ned found them more comfortable than his own wet boots.

Effie, in whose honor this picnic was given, sat at the head of the table. At her request, her father took the opposite seat, to carve the broiled chickens which formed a prominent feature in the repast. It was a merry dinner-party. Some had large plates, others little ones; the boys used their penknives, for Biddy had forgotten to put up any knives but the one with which Mr. Ruthven carved.

"How many legs have those chickens got, father?" asked Ned. "I've had two, and Effie is biting away at one, and I want another, if you have it there."

"Here are two—will you have them both?"

"No, thank you, not till I take my shoes off—I've eaten so much, that they begin to pinch me!"

"What an excuse!" remarked Jeanie.

"I'm delighted to hear you speak," returned Ned. "I was about to ask papa to give you

something to eat; you've been gnawing at that bone until Dash looks upon you as a rival."

"I was thinking, and forgot what I was doing," returned Jeanie.

"What a way to think—with a bone in your mouth! Jem, get her sketch-book, and take her portrait as 'Meditation.' And mamma," he added, turning to her, "she looks like 'Patience on a monument.'"

"Smiling at *nonsense*," suggested Jem.

"Not exactly," she answered; "I was thinking how we should amuse Effie after dinner; shall we play 'Hide and Seek' with her?"

"Oh, that will be real fun!" and Effie clapped her hands. "Give me my birth-day cake," she said; "I will cut it now."

Jeanie motioned to Tim, and he brought forward a large loaf, beautifully frosted and surrounded with a wreath of Euphie's favorite flowers. He placed it before Effie, and with it a silver knife, on which her name was engraved, a birth-day gift from her sister and brothers. Nothing could exceed the child's delight, as she examined this unexpected present; the cake she had seen early in the morning.

"I want to kiss you all!" she exclaimed, stretching her arms towards them.

"Give us some of your cake first," said her mother, smiling.

"I don't like to soil my pretty knife," she replied, but at the same time she lifted the wreath, and put the knife into the cake.

"How nicely it cuts," remarked Harry.

"Oh, yes," said Effie; "you must help me cut nine pieces, Harry—Tim must have one." The cousins assisted each other, and before the cake had been passed round the table, Effie took off the largest slice for Tim.

When they had all finished dinner, Dash included, Aunt Effie helped Jeanie and her brothers to wash and wipe the dishes for Mrs. Ruthven to pack up in the baskets. Then they went into the woods, where Effie played "hide and seek" until she was too tired to play any longer. "We have but an hour more to spend here," said Mr. Ruthven; "let us sit down on the bank opposite the Falls and try some quiet game."

Assent was quickly given, and James proposed the game of "Twenty Questions." When

they were all seated, Jeanie opened her sketch-book, and Harry was chosen to think of something which the others were obliged to guess by asking him questions. He puzzled them for a long time; but at last, James, after summing up the answers his cousin had given, asked if it had ever been in Scotland.

"Oh, yes," replied Harry, too eagerly.

"And at Bannockburn?"

Harry said "Yes."

"Is it the heart of Sir Robert Bruce?"

"You have guessed it, Jem," answered Harry.

Effie then took a thought, but they had not asked her many questions before dog Dash, who was lying at her feet, raised his head. Forgetting, for a moment, how cautious she must be, she bent down and patted his head, saying, "Lie down, Dashy, I don't want them to know I am thinking of you."

"Why, Euphie, you have told us your thought," said Ned.

"Never mind," she replied, "I am tired of thinking; let papa take my turn. Dash and I will go and look for some wintergreen."

"Don't give us a very difficult one," pleaded all the children.

Mr. Ruthven promised to do as they wished, and he thought he had chosen an easy one; but the questions were asked and none of them guessed it. "Have you never heard of the scarf which the Emperor Saladin divided by a dextrous stroke of his sword?"

James was the only one of the children who remembered it; so he told them the story of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, wishing to display his strength before Saladin, lifted his battle-axe and, with one blow, cut through a bar of iron. Saladin immediately unfastened a gauze scarf which he wore, and as it floated away on the breeze, divided it with a single stroke of his sword—showing thereby his wonderful dexterity, and the keenness and temper of his weapon.

Jeanie and James together decided upon a thought. It was "Tizona," the Cid's sword.[14] Their father guessed it.

Ned's thought was, the geese whose cackling saved Rome from the Gauls.

Aunt Effie and Mrs. Ruthven, in their turn, were called upon to tax their memories, they

took Euphie's birth-day cake, and from its very simplicity not one of the party guessed it.

Five o'clock came, and they prepared to return home, for the sun had long since disappeared behind the mountains, and dark shadows were creeping up the glen. James changed places with his father, and drove home rapidly with Aunt Effie, while the wagon followed slowly, for the children were in no hurry to reach Cedar Grove. They amused themselves by criticising the cottages they occasionally passed, and when they entered the woods they would sing so loudly that they startled the birds already asleep in the tall trees.

"Oh, uncle, look at that funny little shanty without chimneys," said Harry. "I wonder where the smoke goes."

"The people have got the stove-pipe out of the window," answered Effie.

"They would have escaped paying the 'Smoke-farthings,' or 'Whitsun-farthings,' as they were also called, had they lived in England a long time ago," remarked Ned, with a smiling glance at Jeanie.

"More information!" she exclaimed; "how-

ever, since you've begun, go on, and tell us what they are."

"Do you remember any other name than those you have mentioned?" asked his father.

"Yes," replied Ned. "They were sometimes called Quadrantes Pentecostes. They were a substitute for offerings which were anciently made in Whitsun-week, by every man in England, who occupied a house with a chimney, to the cathedral church of the diocese in which he lived."

"Now, brother, I wonder if you have told us all you know about Whitsuntide," said Jeanie.

"I believe I have," he replied; "and in return for such a quantity of valuable information I have only received the two items with which Jem and yourself favored me while coming down the mountain."

"What were they?" asked Harry. "Effie and I didn't hear them?"

"I have forgotten the manner in which they occurred in our conversation, but I can tell you what they were."

"I remember," interposed Jeanie, "when

James entered that wild pass connecting the Upper with the Lower Fall, he compared it to the Glen of Corri-nan-shian, where Halbert Glendinning, in Sir Walter Scott's 'Monastery,' met the White Maid of Avenel, and then he said he had found a wonderful piece of information respecting Whitsuntide. You wouldn't believe that he was in earnest, until he told you what it was."

"A wonderful piece of information indeed," repeated Ned, laughing. "It was only this—when Abbot Boniface appoints Halbert Glendinning to be his bow-bearer, whose duty it was to shoot the deer for the refectory table, the Refectioner and Kitchener name over the various inducements for him to accept the office, and among other perquisites, one is that he shall receive 'a green gown and pair of leather galligaskins every Pentecost!'"

"Now what was the other thing?" persisted Harry.

"Then I laughed at Jem, and said neither of them could tell me any thing else, but Jeanie declared she could, although it was not particularly appropriate. Easter and Whitsuntide,

she said, was the time King Charles I. gave his sacred touch for the cure of king's-evil, but he finally changed it to Easter and Michaelmas as times more convenient for the temperature of the season."

"I can tell you of an old superstition," added Mr. Ruthven, "but it is rather more serious than those which have just been mentioned. It was anciently believed that whatever a person asked of God on Whit-Sunday morning at the instant the sun rose, He would grant the prayer. So people arose early, and watched earnestly for sunrise."

"I should think Cousin Jeanie was watching earnestly for something," said Harry, looking up in his cousin's face."

She smiled. "I was wishing by the first star of evening," she replied, pointing upwards to the only star. "I heard what papa said, and it reminded me of my boarding-school days, when a number of girls would gather round a window and watch for that star."

"Did your wishes ever come true?" asked Harry.

"Mine did sometimes; but as we could not

tell our wishes to each other I never knew whether my companions got theirs."

"What were you wishing for just now, Jeanie?" asked Effie.

"It may not be fulfilled if I tell it to you," replied her sister; "and I want it to be so, for it was something about you."

"I hope you wished that every birth-day of mine could be as pleasant as this one has been," said Effie.

"Perhaps I did."

"I know what I am wishing for," said Ned, gazing very intently on the sky, "something to eat, a cup of coffee, and my bed—I'm dead beat out."

"Which, I suppose, when translated into respectable English, means that even you are tired for once," returned Jeanie.

"Even so; my bones ache yet from that squeeze between the logs. I'm afraid I shall dream of falls of every kind all night."

But the next morning when Jeanie asked him if he had enjoyed his rest, he declared that he had had "No good of his bed at all, for he couldn't remember any thing about it."

CHAPTER X.

"Go ask! a thousand tongues shall tell
His name and dear renown,
Where altar, font, and holy bell,
Are gifts he handed down:
A thousand hearts keep warm the name,
Which share those gifts so blest;
Yet even this may tell the same,
First mitre of the West!

"This mitre, with its crown of thorns,
Its cross upon the front;
Not for a proud adorning worn,
But for the battle's brunt:
This helmet—with Salvation's sign,
Of one whose shield was faith;
This crown—of him, for right divine,
Who battled unto death!"

COXE.

ON Tuesday, the day after the picnic, the children were too tired to care for any of their active sports, such as rowing on the lake, or racing through the woods.

Euphie, who had walked home from church with her father and James, followed them to the library, where they had decided to spend

the morning in reading. She chose a picture-book, and sat down in one of the windows, where she was so quiet that Jem thought she had fallen asleep. He was soon undeceived; for his father having asked him what he was reading, he replied: "I am trying to find something about Trinity Sunday, apart from the historical accounts of its observance."

"Customs, as Ned says," remarked his little sister, coming up to her brother's chair.

"Why, you little mousie! I thought you were sleeping, you were so still!" exclaimed James, at the same time lifting her to his knee.

His father resumed the conversation. "The book I am reading refers to some extracts from the church-warden's account at Lambeth, in regard to Trinity Sunday—would you like to look at them?"

James took the book from his father, and read:—

	£	*s*	*d*
"1519. Items for garlands and drynk for the chyldrene on Trenyte Even .	0	0	6
To Spryngwell and Smyth for singing with the Procession on Trenete Sonday Even	0	0	12
Item—for four onssys of garnesyng rebonds, at 9*d.* the onse	0	3	0——"

"So they had processions, and dressed the churches on Trinity Sunday; I did not know that before. Have you found any thing else, father?"

"Not in that book; I have not been looking for any thing of the kind; but perhaps I can remember some." Mr. Ruthven thought for a few moments, and then went towards one of the book-cases, and, selecting several volumes, handed them to James. "My memory fails me," he continued; "but perhaps you can find all you wish in those books."

James gave Effie some of them to hold, and commenced looking over one of them; but his father again said—"I recollect an old superstition of Lorrain, in France; the people used to go early to the fields on Trinity Sunday morning, to see three suns rise at once."

"How many things people believed about the sun," remarked Effie. "It dances at Easter—God gives people who see it rise what they ask for at Whit-Sunday; and now three suns are seen at Trinity."

"It is not really so, my little daughter; these are old superstitions, which were believed long

ago, I merely repeat them to show you how credulous people used to be."

"I know, papa, that people do not think so now. One Easter I tried to see the sun dance—didn't I, Jamie?"

"Yes," he replied; "and now do you mean to watch for three suns next Sunday morning?"

"Perhaps so; but I won't bother you any more—only let me put my head on your shoulder." Effie nestled down in her own fashion, and before long was sound asleep.

Jeanie, in the mean time, came into the room, and, sitting down by Jem, offered to help him. "Let me have 'Thorpe,'" she replied, as her brother gave her a volume of 'Brand,' "the North German legends are so amusing."

"But you'll find nothing about Trinity," answered James.

However, Jeanie took the book, as if confident of success. The time passed away in silence; at length Jem laid down his book, saying, "Two things found."

"I've only found one," said Jeanie; "and it's not much—what were yours, Jem?"

"Mine are customs relating to Trinity Mon-

day. The first refers to a fair held at Deptford, England, in consequence of the pastimes of the persons assembled to see the 'Master' and brethren of Trinity House pay their annual visit on this day, to choose the 'Master' and 'Wardens' for the ensuing year. It is a hospital for worn-out sea-commanders and their widows. The 'Master' has usually been a nobleman, on account of the importance of this institution to the naval interests of the country.

"The other is an account of 'Lamb-shearing,' which used to commence on Trinity Monday. The 'Lady of the Lamb' was a favorite festival; but the manner of electing the 'Lady' on this day was absurd. All the young girls, after having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after a lamb, and the one who caught its tail in her mouth was called 'Lady of the Lamb.' The next day it was roasted, and she presided at the feast, where they had music and dancing. Now, what did you find?"

"You were almost right in saying I would not find any thing in regard to Trinity Sunday," replied Jeanie; "but here is something which refers to this season. It is an account of St.

Lupus's cake, a Netherlandish custom formerly common about Tirlemont and Louvain. They bake a cake in honor of the holy Trinity, making in it five holes in remembrance of the five wounds of Christ. This they give, in the name of St. Lupus, as alms to the first beggar that presents himself by chance, in the belief that their flocks and herds are thereby rendered secure from wolves, which they call 'lupi.'"

When Jeanie had ceased, their father told them of a Welsh custom [15] of strewing fern before the doors on Trinity Sunday, and asked James if he had forgotten the beautiful legend of St. Patrick and the clover."

"O no," he replied; "but I think we all know the story."

"I don't believe Ned will remember it," said his father. "I hear him whistling out there in the hall. Suppose you call him here and ask him."

But the young gentleman came without being called. "What an interesting time you must be having," was his first remark; "the lunch bell rang three minutes ago, and I've been waiting ever since at the foot of the stairs for you

all, and Jeanie in particular; but I see she don't keep her promises!" He looked at her, shook his head, and put on a very sober face.

"Don't keep my promises?" said Jeanie. "Why, what do you mean?"

"The promise you made in a certain song we sang coming home last night. I kept my part of the compact." Ned laughed at the mystified expression on his sister's face, and began to whistle again.

Jeanie smiled, too, and ran up and caught hold of him. "There, you've whistled, and I've 'come to you, my lad;' so now I've kept my promise to you, my nonsensical brother!"

While the workmen were repairing the dining-room, the table was moved into the parlor. Effie could not believe that she had been asleep, and when she opened her eyes and found herself on the parlor sofa, she started up with such a frightened, bewildered expression, that her brother Jem, who had placed her there, could hardly keep from laughing. But she was soon at the table, and doing her best, so Jem said, to rival Ned in eating his favorite Betsey's ginger-bread.

"I wonder if you'll have Betsey's gingerbread to eat at West Point?" said Jeanie. "I shall have to take you a supply every time I go to see you."

"I hope you'll visit me every day then," replied her brother.

"What a soldier-like wish!" exclaimed James.

"Laugh as much as you please, now," returned Ned, "but one of these days, when you see my name in the papers as Captain Edward Ruthven, and hear how gallantly I defended—"

"No, no," interrupted Jem, "we'll never hear of you assuming the *defensive;* but if there's any *attack* to be made, you'll be the first in the field."

"Who dares to insinuate that I will never defend?" returned Ned, trying to put on a very indignant look; "don't you remember once, when we were little boys, how we played Americans and British—I was standard-bearer in the American army, and you were an English General—didn't I defend my country's flag when you sent one of your officers to take it from me?"

"Yes, I remember," replied his brother, laugh-

ing; "you rolled up the flag, and beat him and his company with it, until they were obliged to retreat, then you unfurled it and chased them with half a dozen soldiers."

"O, well, that was only play; but when I have to be in earnest, I mean to make a good soldier."

"I hope you will, my son," said Mr. Ruthven, "good in every sense of the word."

"Make a second Sir Philip Sydney, dear Ned—no mother could ask more!"

"I'll try and make whatever you wish," replied Ned, as he left the table with his mother's arm around him. "But it will be a hard life for me at West Point; I am so different from most boys of my age I'm afraid I shall get into all sorts of mischief."

"You must learn the right use of the word *no*, and when to say it, and after you have said it, to abide by it."

"That's the hardest thing in the world for me to do, mother."

"I know it is, dear Ned. It was hard for James when he first entered college: he met companions who were full of mischief. Most

of them were kind-hearted and generous young men, with many noble traits. It was not easy for Jem to resist the temptations they so often placed before him."

"Indeed it was not," said James, who, with Jeanie, had followed his mother and Ned.

"How did you manage to succeed?" asked his brother, turning round and taking his arm.

"Come to my dressing-room," said mamma; "we will talk there."

Mrs. Ruthven and Jeanie took their sewing, but James complained of head-ache, so he threw himself on the lounge, and begged Jeanie to bathe his forehead and "fuss" with his hair. "Now, Ned, I'll answer your question—hold on, Jen! you're dropping the cologne in my eyes." When the smarting ceased, he continued: "I am not sure that I have resisted temptation in thought altogether; and my pride, perhaps, keeps me from yielding to any act which would disgrace me in the eyes of the 'Faculty.'"

"Then, pride is a very good thing," said his brother.

"I think Jem means self-respect," interposed

his mother; "if he uses the word pride, it may be confounded with haughtiness and vanity, which are wicked and silly. But, Jem, is your self-respect the only thing which keeps you out of the way of evil?"

"No, mother; yet I'm afraid it helps more than principle sometimes."

"But how do you manage to say 'no,' when a friend comes to you and asks you to do something which you want to do, but which you know isn't *quite* right, nor yet very wrong?"

"That's the hardest work of all, Ned; I don't know exactly how I learned to resist. At first, I am ashamed to confess, I did not; yet, when my friends came to me a second time, I said 'No;' and when they ridiculed me, I managed to be firm; since then, although they do laugh at, and call me 'parson,' it has not been quite so hard to say 'no.'"

"They have learned to know how far they can go with you," said Jeanie; "and they find that teasing don't alter your mind. But why do they call you 'parson?'"

"Ah, Jeanie, although we have some capital fellows at Trinity, they don't particularly fancy

such a quiet piece of human nature as myself. They seem to think I like going to church too well."

"Then, they do not know that you really intend to study for the ministry?"

"I have never spoken of my intentions but once, and then it was soon after I entered college. I was in the library looking at Bishop Seabury's mitre, when one of the freshmen came up and said, in a trifling manner, 'Ruthven, I hear that you are aiming to become one of the absurd Apostolic Succession, so as to possess one of those silly affairs.'"

"Oh! what did you say?" exclaimed Ned, springing to his feet; "I would have knocked the fellow down!"

"Exactly," replied his brother, half smiling; "but you must remember that the Church Militant cannot fight in quite the same manner as the Church military. Had I done as you suggest, I should have made an enemy of him for life; besides, Ned, he was a smaller boy than myself, and you know when we want to fight we generally choose one of our own size. And again—he didn't know any better."

Ned murmured, "I would have pounded it into him." But his mother asked Jem what answer he made.

"I turned and looked at him for a moment, and said, 'Frank, you speak of the Apostolic Succession: do you know from whom the Apostles received their mission to go forth into all nations, teaching and baptizing in His Name?' He dropped his eyes, but I continued: 'Do you know that the Church has preserved the roll of her Bishops from the time of those very Apostles to this day

> "'Unbroken in their lineage:
> Their warrants clear as when
> Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high,
> And give good gifts to men?'—

'Perhaps when you have *learned* more about the matter in question you will speak respectfully.' This hurt him more than knocking him down, Ned; for the young gentleman, like most freshmen, prided himself on his learning. He took it good-naturedly, however, begged my pardon for having spoken thoughtlessly, confessed he knew nothing about the Church, but hoped I would put him in the way of learning some-

thing about it. He is now the best friend I have at college, and to him alone have I spoken of my determination to be a minister."

"For the sake of the mitre, as he suggested?" said Ned.

James replied very seriously, "No; I should never wish to assume so fearful a responsibility."

"O, well, you have succeeded very well," continued his brother, "but I don't believe they will dub me 'parson' at the Point. I'm afraid I shall want to do all sorts of things which I ought not. I've got an idea that it's an awful place for a fellow like myself, who really wishes to do right, but is easily tempted to do wrong!"

"So you imagine that all the cadets are a terribly wicked set of young men," said his mother, smiling. "You must get all such ideas out of your head; go there trusting to find good and noble-minded classmates; never allow yourself to be tempted to do any act in which there is a shadow of wrong: learn to refuse kindly but firmly."

"Show your colors at once, brother Ned," added James, "take all the practical jokes which

they will be sure to play upon you good-naturedly; be kind and obliging, without servility, and I don't think you'll find West Point such a terrible place."

"I'm not afraid of the place, or the cadets, either. I'm only afraid of myself."

"Be a Christian and a gentleman," said his mother, "and then you needn't fear any thing."

Ned murmured, "Well, I'll try," and then looking at Jem, "But tell us something about Bishop Seabury's mitre. I wish I could see it. Why don't Bishops wear them now I wonder?"

"They were, probably, given up to satisfy Puritan objections," replied his mother. "When you read more of the history of our American Church you will see how the compilers of our liturgy and the rubrics laid aside even the smallest unnecessary thing, so as to prevent, if possible, dissent from the Church. They sacrificed in every thing but doctrine."

"Oh, I'm so glad the Dissenters did not get hold of that mitre—'First mitre of the West!'" exclaimed Jeanie. "Wouldn't they have torn it to a thousand pieces!"

"I only wish they had tried to steal it, pro-

vided I could have been by to protect it." Ned gave a peculiarly shrill whistle, and laid his hand where his sword would soon be.

"No," said James, quietly, "I don't believe they would have dared to destroy it. Now, Jeanie and Ned, you must not speak so hardly of Dissenters. Hate the sin as much as you please, but be charitable towards the sinner. Few of them know any thing about our Holy Church, or surely they would not leave it to join sects, the oldest of which number but three hundred years, and even those are ever changing in doctrine and discipline.

"Remember, Ned, it was not by *fighting* that Christ's Apostles brought both Jews and Gentiles into the primitive Church. God's Holy Spirit was with them; that Spirit has been, and still is, with their successors, and our Saviour has promised that it shall be with them until the end of the world. Day by day, we pray that the Holy Church universal may be guided and governed by God's Spirit, and that all Christians may be led to hold the Faith in *unity*. The Church's door is opened to *all;* we know that those who enter become, by Baptism,

children of our Saviour. At Confirmation God's gifts of grace are given them, with which they may overcome the world; and when that victory is accomplished, death will but remove them from the Church Militant on earth to the Church Triumphant in heaven.

"But those who turn away from the door, we can only pray for them. In the examples of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, and other instances of the Bible, they may learn what fearful judgments are denounced against those who abide in heresy and schism, and for which their souls must answer at the Judgment Day."

"Well, I think it's hard to be blamed for wishing to bring every body into the Church whether they want to come or not," half pouted Ned; "however, I guess you're right."

"I *know* you are right, Jamie," added Jeanie; "but I love my Church so much, I cannot bear those who have said and done ugly things against her, any more than I could love a person who had injured our mother!"

"Put it in *that* light," said James, half smiling, "and I don't know but that I should

draw a sword were it needful, as quickly as Ned. However, let us return to the question you first asked—you wish a description of the mitre?"

"Yes," they replied.

"In the year 1783, Dr. Samuel Seabury went out to England to obtain consecration as Bishop there. It was at a time when the relations between England and America were uncertain. Without a special Act of Parliament the Archbishop could not consecrate a citizen of America. Delay was unavoidable, so Dr. Seabury determined to obtain consecration from the Church of Scotland, whose Bishops, unlike those of England, were unfettered by connection with the State. In this he finally succeeded, and thus the first Bishop of our American Church was consecrated at Aberdeen, in Scotland, November 14th, 1784."

"Before you give a description of the mitre, Jamie," interposed his mother, "I will tell you an amusing anecdote relating to his first service in New Haven, soon after his return from England with his prelatic honors. Most of the people imagined a Bishop to be a wonderful

sort of person, that he must be called 'My Lord Bishop;' and many absurd stories got afloat about his pride and pretension. Of course the church was crowded to excess. When service was over, a man of the middle class in society met a friend who had been unable to obtain admittance. 'Well, did you see him, and hear him preach?' was the eager question. 'Oh yes,' returned the fortunate spectator. 'And was he so awful proud?' 'Not a bit of it—why, he preached *in his shirt sleeves!*'"

Jeanie kept a sober face, while her brother burst out laughing. "Did he really preach in his shirt sleeves, mamma?" she asked, in surprise.

"Oh, Jen, you're more stupid than the poor man," exclaimed Ned; "probably he had never seen a Bishop's dress, so mistook the lawn sleeve for those of his shirt."

"The Bishop was a splendid-looking man," continued Mrs. Ruthven; "your grandfather Ruthven told me that he had often seen him wearing his mitre. Soon after it was placed in the library at Trinity College, your father and I were in Hartford, so we went with your

grandfather to see it. I shall never forget the description he gave of the first ordination in this country; the sight of that mitre seemed to call up thoughts of his boyish days, for tears came into his eyes as he told of the impression made upon him and his young friends, by the Bishop's solemn manner."

James resumed. "The Rev. Dr. Coxe obtained this mitre through the Rev. Dr. Seabury of New York, and placed it in the library of our college, with this inscription over it: '*Novi arbis Apostoli sit nomen perenne.*'"

The mitre itself is of the usual shape, symbolical of the cloven tongues of fire which descended upon the Apostles. It is about eight inches high, and covered outside with black silk; inside with white; close to the top of the mitre, and all around it, runs a band half an inch wide, composed of three strips of silver lace, and two of gold placed alternately; around the bottom is a band of black velvet trimming nearly an inch wide; on the two points of the mitre are placed small steel crosses; on front, worked in gold thread, there is a large cross, surrounded by a glory; on the

back is worked a crown of thorns. Pendent from each side are broad and long purple ribbons, terminating in wide strips of gold lace. There, Ned—I am sure my description is worthy a woman's particularity."

"Well, I wanted you to be particular," returned his brother." "For my part I'm very thankful to Dr. Coxe for putting it there, where all those who like can go and see it."

"And I," added Jeanie, "hope with him that it will be kept

> 'till the moth shall wear
> Its comeliness to dust,
> Type of a crown that's laid up where
> There is nor moth nor rust;
> Type of the LORD'S commission given
> To this, our Western shore;
> The rod of CHRIST—the keys of heaven,
> Through one to thousands more.'"

"Go on, Jeanie," said Ned; "I like that ballad."

She continued—

> "They tell how Scotia keeps with awe
> Her old Regalia bright,
> Sign of her independent law,
> And proud imperial right;
> But keep this too for Scotland's boast;
> 'Twill tell of better things,

When long old Scotia shall have lost
Those gewgaws of her kings;

And keep it for this mighty West,
Till truth shall glorious be,
And good old Samuel's is confest
Columbia's primal see.
'Tis better than a diadem,
The crown that Bishop wore,
Whose hand the rod of David's stem
The furthest westward bore."

"Thank you, Jeanie," said her brother. "Now, mother, what can I do for you? Jem looks as if he were going to sleep under Jeanie's manipulations! Give me something to keep me quiet."

"Wind these skeins of silk for me."

Ned took the reel which his mother gave him, and, fastening it to the table, commenced his work. They were quite silent for a few moments; at last Jeanie gave a deep sigh.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother and brothers, for Jem opened his eyes.

She smiled and replied, "I am sorry I disturbed you, Jem; but I was sighing to think of how little use I am to the world. You, Jem, will be a clergyman one of these days, and a good man, I'm sure; then Ned—he will enter our army and be a general, perhaps—"

"It *will* be a 'perhaps,'" interrupted her brother, laughing "Ah, Jeanie, my head will never be long enough to win such honor; more likely I shall be stationed in some fort out in Oregon, or down in the Everglades, to be killed by an Indian's poisoned arrow!"

His mother and sister shuddered.

"Perhaps, after you have graduated, you will become disgusted with your profession, resign and choose civil engineering," suggested his brother.

"Never," replied his brother in a more serious tone than he had spoken before; "I wish to enter the army. Don't look so sober, mother"—he smiled as he looked up in her face—"you know I need not fear Indian arrows if I am doing my duty. Now, Jeanie, go on—let us hear what else you were thinking about."

"Don't laugh at me, Ned," his sister continued; "but when I thought how famous you both might become one of these days, I, too, began to be ambitious!"

"You want to be a celebrated sort of person," said James—"Miss Yonge or Florence

Nightingale, Rosa Bonheur or Harriet Hosmer?"

"Either of them," replied she, smiling.

Ned with his usual impetuosity interrupted her. "I'd go in for Miss Nightingale if I were you, Jem! I don't believe there's another woman in this world equal to her. By the way, mother, don't forget to put her picture in my trunk when I go to West Point.

"Nor the 'Heir of Redclyffe' in mine," added James. "Now, Jen, if in future years we have a war, and you choose to make a Nightingale of yourself, I'll leave Ned to promote your interests with the army; but if ever you write a book, I claim the privilege of correcting the grammar and spelling!"

"Now, that's what I call 'modest assurance,'" exclaimed Jeanie, laughing and pulling Jem's hair. "I don't think I shall require such services from either of you."

Mrs. Ruthven had been looking over a small volume of poems lying on her table; at last she handed it to Jeanie, saying: "Here is one of your favorite authors, read this verse aloud."

Jeanie took the book and read—

"'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And thus make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.'

How well you understand me, mamma; mere idle dreaming is one of my faults."

"I've watched you for eighteen years, my child," said her mother, "I ought to know something about you. Yes, Jeanie, you must cease dreaming and learn to work; each day will bring its share of duties, and every woman will find her safest and happiest course to be in a faithful performance of them. Do you remember these verses in the Christian Year.

"'If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

. . . . . .

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,

As heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.'

"Yes, dear Jeanie, it is more noble to live *in* this world, and yet not be *of* it, than to be the noblest, in the mere worldly sense of the word, in its estimation."

"Then, mother, if I try to perform my simple duties faithfully, will you and papa think me as noble as Jem and Ned?"

"To be sure we will, my Jeanie," replied her mother kissing her; "and remember the road to true nobleness always lies through self-sacrifice, even in the exercise of the promptings of benevolence, however urgent; mental endowments, however brilliant; or literary achievements, however great.

"'Our watchword is *duty*,
Our motto is through!'"

exclaimed Ned, throwing his arms around her waist. "Now you're a good old sister, that's a fact; but I'm afraid that you'll forget I want those handkerchiefs hemmed this week."

Jeanie glanced at her work-box. "I'll have

them done for you, Ned," she replied; "I confess I forgot them this afternoon."

"Or rather I have kept you at work on this head of mine," said James, getting up from the lounge and going to the looking-glass. "What a beauty I am with my half-closed eyes! I think I will say 'good-night' when the dinner-bell rings, and eat nothing till morning.

"Hark! there's the dressing-bell now," exclaimed Jeanie; "is it possible that we have been talking four hours!"

"Even so," replied Ned, looking out at the old clock in the hall; "it is half past five."

"Another day gone," murmured Jem to himself, "and I have studied so little! Good-night, mother, I'm going to bed; I must try and be well to-morrow."

Jeanie offered to bring him a cup of tea. "Not now," he replied; "when tea is made send me up a cup; if I'm awake I will drink it."

"I'll bring it to you myself," returned his sister; "and I'll try to be quiet, so as not to waken you if you are sleeping."

"Thank you. Bid the others good-night for me, I'll not go down stairs again."

Poor Effie looked disappointed when she was told that James had gone to bed; she was hoping that he would help Harry and herself act some 'charades.' When her father saw her sober face, he proposed that they should all have a game of "'Loto' after dinner, and leave the charades until another night. The proposition pleased Effie, although she missed "her Jamie."

Wednesday was a stormy day, but on Thursday the sun shone out again. In the afternoon James and his mother went out riding on horseback. Ned warned his brother not to "go poking along coal-roads;" in return for which Jem advised Ned not to try "a foot-bath in the Bash-Bish Falls." Mr. Ruthven took the little children into the village of Dalehill, where he had some business to transact, while Jeanie and Ned rowed across the lake with Aunt Effie, and spent several pleasant hours in the woods.

On Friday morning after church, James, who wished to look over some books belonging to

Mr. Rivers, walked with him to the Parsonage. Harry went also, for the Rector had promised him some roots of Madeira vine to plant in his own little garden at Cedar Grove.

The Parsonage, a small Dutch cottage, all roof and garret, (as Ned once said,) built with little yellow bricks which came from Holland in 1699, was much older than the church. The five rooms it contained, all on the first floor, were quite sufficient for the present Rector and his old housekeeper. Mr. Rivers's study was at the end of the short entrance hall, and extended the entire width of the house. With the exception of the garret which had never been finished off, it was the largest and pleasantest room in the Parsonage. At the rear of the house where there was a fine view of the valley and the surrounding mountains, a door opened from the study directly into the garden, and the old porch over this entrance made it a delightful place to sit during summer evenings.

By this door Mr. Rivers and James entered, leaving Harry to amuse himself in the garden. The Rector unlocked his book-cases, and

James, selecting the volumes he wished, sat down to take notes from them. "Your father tells me you are looking up information respecting Trinity Sunday, as Ned did for the Whitsun festival; are you going to touch upon the doctrine of the Trinity?"

"Oh no, sir," replied James, quickly; "the question is too deep and mysterious for such young students as we are. By and by I can search into the matter; at present I think it is sufficient to repeat our creed; and I sometimes wish that we could emulate those knights of old, who drew their swords while they bowed at the name of our Saviour."

"And is that the reason we bow in the creed," asked Harry, who had seated himself in the door-way unobserved until now by Mr. Rivers or James.

"Christians formerly bowed their heads at the name of Jesus," answered the Rector, "to show their belief in His being 'very God of very God,' in contradistinction to those who denied His Divinity, or at least the Son's equality with the Father, as have some heretics, not only in olden times, but even now."

"I thought divinity meant being God," returned Harry.

"So it does," replied the Rector. "When you get older I will talk to you; but you are too young, Harry, to understand why wicked men question whether Christ is God, or whether He is not."

"Whether He is *not!*" exclaimed the boy, starting to his feet, the pensive expression in his dark eyes giving place to one of surprise and almost indignation; "Christ not God! I should like to know who says He is not! Why, who but God could rise from the dead all by Himself, and if He were a make-believer—"

"'Impostor,' you mean, Harry."

"Well, impostor; if Christ were one, I don't think God would have raised Him. Then the Nicene Creed says He is 'very God of very God.'"

"Yes, my boy, remember that as you hope to be one of that happy band whom our blessed Saviour will acknowledge before His Father at the fearful day of Judgment, you must believe in His divinity. It is fearful to think that

there are those calling themselves Christians in this our day, who forget that Jesus hath declared, 'Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven;' who forget the voice of the Apostles in their epistles, the voice of the Church in her councils, directed by God's Holy Spirit; who forget the voice of all the wise and learned of the Church, from the day of Arius to this—but I forget to whom I am talking. Wait a few years, dear child, you are too young to question these awful mysteries."

When Mr. Rivers ceased speaking, Harry slowly replied: "When I was baptized, my own dear mother and father, Aunt and Uncle Ruthven, promised in the Creed, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' When I am confirmed, and take upon me those vows, God grant I never dare question the truth of our Holy Faith!" He turned from the porch where he had stood, and walked towards the garden.

"How old is Harry?" asked the Rector.

"He will be ten on the Festival of St. John Baptist," replied James.

"He is a very quiet and thoughtful child for his age; at times his questions and answers surprise me. I presume being so much with his mother makes him different from other boys."

"Yes; and yet he is not lacking in spirit," said James; he is not what is sometimes called a 'girl-boy.'"

"I agree with you; and I have often wondered at the control he has over himself. His sparkling black eyes do not denote a naturally quiet disposition. But I fear I have interrupted you."

"Your conversation has been too agreeable to be called an 'interruption,'" replied James, smiling. Then he continued more seriously, "Father said he did not care to have me argue upon the doctrine of the Trinity, but he wished me to collect a few proofs of the worship of the Trinity in Unity during the first, second, and third centuries. I fear I must trouble you to assist me."

"The trouble you fear, James, will prove a pleasure to me," returned the Rector. "Lay

aside your note-book, and let us have a little conversation on the subject. You remember that our Saviour, before He ascended into heaven, commanded His Apostles to go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After His ascension, we find that the Son, the second person of the Trinity, was worshipped; for St. Stephen, the first martyr of whom we have any account in the New Testament, breathed his last in a prayer to Christ. Then we find St. Paul professing he never baptized but in the name of Christ; and his common form of blessing was, 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all,' which blessing is still preserved in the Church, and in it you see the Son is mentioned even before the Father."

"Thank you, Mr. Rivers," interrupted James; "but please tell me something about the early Church; did not—"

"Excuse me, James, but you must let me finish with the Bible before I answer any questions. I will give you six heads under which you can arrange all proofs of the divinity of

Christ which you may find in Holy Scripture: Divine titles are applied both to Christ and to God the Father. The same attributes are ascribed to both. Christ performs the same actions. He sustains the same relations. He is equal with the Father. He is an object of worship. Remember, James, all this is found in the Bible; and the same line of reasoning which you pursue in examining the divinity of the Son, you may pursue in studying that of the Holy Ghost. But what was the question you were about to ask me?"

"Did not our Trisagion, or 'Thrice Holy,' in the communion office, come down to us from Apostolic times?"

"It is probable; for there exists no ancient liturgy without it. But, James, if we go over all the accounts we have of the worship of our Saviour by the early Christians, we shall not have sufficient time to gather up the few proofs which your father wishes you to collect."

"Please let me ask one more question," pleaded James, "and then we will go on. I have seen drawings taken from the tombs of the early Christians in the catacombs at Rome—

some of these tombs bear a triangle, others three fishes in the form of a triangle, and others a trefoil; now, would these have been placed there if the Church disbelieved in the Trinity?"

"Certainly not; you may cite them among other proofs of the belief in the Trinity in the early ages, for, although rudely traced, to us they appear as living witnesses, which time can never alter. I will now continue with proofs from the writings and history of those who lived in the second century. Pliny, a judge under the Emperor Trajan, taking the confessions of some revolting Christians, says that they declared to him they used to meet together before daylight on a certain day, and sing praises to Christ as to their God. Then you remember at the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, the prayer he made at the stake, concluding it with a doxology to the whole Trinity.

"Lucian the heathen, who lived in this same century, in one of his dialogues brings in a Christian instructing a catechumen, and makes the catechumen ask the question—'By whom shall I swear?' The Christian answers, 'By the God that reigns on high, the great, immortal,

heavenly God, and the Son of the Father, and the Spirit proceeding from the Father, One in Three, and Three in One.' This evidently shows that Lucian had learned from the Christians that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were the object of Divine worship. But I will give you two more names. In the writings of Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, we may easily trace that Christ was thought the object of Divine worship. Then Clement of Alexandria, in his exhortation to the Gentiles, gives, in the conclusion to his book, a doxology to the whole Trinity."

"May I not have my note-book?" asked James. "I will try to remember all you have said; but as yet I am not quite so familiar with these subjects as yourself."

"I did not mean to monopolize so much of the conversation," replied the Rector, with a smile; "but preaching is becoming 'second nature' to me."

"Do not stop to apologize for that which gives me so much pleasure, Mr. Rivers; please go on."

"The third century"—he paused for several moments, and then continued. "We have so

many writers in this century, that it is rather difficult for me to decide whom to select. In the writings of St. Basil, he refers to a form of doxology used by Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, in which worship is ascribed to the three persons of the blessed Trinity. St. Cyprian of Carthage also speaks of the prayers of the Church as offered up to Christ, together with the Father, and tells us that Christ was worshipped in many places. One thing more, and I have done. The persecutions in this age were very great, and the martyrs who suffered prayed (as did St. Stephen) to Christ personally, and into His hands resigned their spirits.

"In a few years, James, you will enter the seminary, and then you will learn all about those fearful heresies which arose in the fourth century. I hope I have given you, this morning, sufficient proof of the purity of doctrine in our holy Church during the first three ages."

"Indeed you have, Mr. Rivers; yet you know I never doubted it. Father wished me to collect these proofs, as a means of employing my time usefully; but I'm sure he didn't wish me to encroach upon yours."

"If I have been of service to you, James, my time has been passed in doing my duty; so we ought to be mutually thankful. And now, cannot I prevail upon Harry and yourself, to stay and take an early dinner with me? Your walk homeward will be a warm one this sunny morning. If you will stay until evening, you may make some parochial calls with me this afternoon."

"It would be a very great pleasure, I assure you," replied James; "but I cannot stay today. Jeanie and Ned are going off on horseback, and mother has my promise to take her and the children out driving — but we shall see each other at prayers this evening."

"Then, perhaps, Harry can stay?" urged the Rector; "and I will take good care of him until church time."

Harry had shaken hands with Mr. Rivers, and bid him "good morning;" but when the proposal for him to spend the day at the parsonage was made, he looked very pleadingly at his cousin, and said, "I am sure mamma would let me stay."

"Very well," replied Jem; "I will go home

and tell Aunt Effie what a good whipping Mr. Rivers is going to give you."

"And tell Ned," said Harry, laughing, "that I'm going to give Mr. Rivers a chance of eating me!"

"Does Master Ned think I am in the habit of doing such things?" asked the Rector.

Harry then told how bashful his cousin had been the preceding Sunday, when his uncle asked Mr. Rivers to listen to Ned's account of Whitsuntide.

"Now I must be off," said Jem. "Be a good boy, Harry, and we will take you home after service this evening."

James did not stop to open the gate—he vaulted over it—and a rapid walk soon brought him in sight of Cedar Grove. But Harry was not destined to return there that night.

CHAPTER XI.

"What would these strangers? Know their minds, ...
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would."

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. Act V., Scene 2d.

ON Saturday, the family, with the exception of Harry, were seated at the breakfast-table, when Jeanie opened the door and said, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, old lady!" exclaimed Ned. "I wonder what will happen the next time you take a ride on horseback! Poor Aunt Effie has been crying all night, because you will not call on your favorite Undine to quiet this terrible storm, which has prevented Harry from coming home."

"Your absurdity is only equalled by the length of your speech," replied Aunt Effie, with a smile.

"Or by the very classical allusion," interposed James.

"I am quite at ease about Harry," continued Mrs. Howard; "I know he will be well cared for; my only regret is, that we are having another violent storm this morning."

Just then a vivid flash of lightning darted before the window, and the thunder which burst over the valley, rolled back in echoes among the mountains. Jeanie caught hold of her father's arm, and held it tightly until the heavy peal died away, then sank down in a chair, saying, "Indeed I am not frightened, but my escape yesterday has made me nervous."

"I do not wonder at it, my poor child," said her mother; "come sit here by me, and pin your shawl more closely — you have taken a severe cold."

Jeanie did as her mother wished; and, turning to Ned, asked, "In what manner, or by what incantation, do you propose I should summon Undine?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied her brother. "When I spoke, I was only thinking what a rapture you were in on the lake yesterday morning, while we were fishing."

"Say 'floating' instead of 'fishing,'" answered

Jeanie; "and I'm certain even *you* let go your line when I read the story of poor Undine's death. Effie, too, laid her hands in the little ripples which glided about our boat, and asked if the beautiful Undine had sent them to us."

"Ah, Ned," said Jem, "I'm thinking you only wanted to show off a little knowledge before us!"

"Well, perhaps I did; I try to follow the example my elder brother sets me."

"If your head wasn't so soft, I'd beg mother's permission to throw this biscuit at it!" retorted Jem.

Another peal of thunder followed a flash of lightning, and Ned exclaimed, "Come, Jem, I don't mean to talk nonsense while this thunderstorm lasts; I feel as if I ought to be quiet."

"You are right, my son," said his father, walking towards the window where Ned stood; "it seems as if all earthly sounds should be hushed when we remember by whose command that lightning flashes from the cloud."

"The storm is too violent to last very long," remarked James, who was standing behind his mother and Aunt Effie at the other window.

"As soon as the heavy rain is over Tim can go for Harry."

"Yesterday morning who would have thought that such a thunder-storm as the one we had yesterday afternoon was in store for us," said Mrs. Ruthven.

"It rained so hard during the night I certainly thought we should have clear weather today."

"The sun will be shining before noon, Aunt Effie," replied James; "but, mother, tell me about Jeanie's ride; I hear that Ned didn't go with her."

"No; after your father sent you to Woodneath with Ripton, I told Ned he had better take a place in the wagon instead of riding the colt, and let Jeanie follow us alone—but here she comes to give us an account of it herself," and Mrs. Ruthven moved aside so as to make a place for Jeanie.

"I kept behind the wagon most of the way," continued his sister; "but the dust was so annoying that I determined to dash ahead. As I left Dalehill village, the storm came up; thinking it would only be a slight shower I

galloped on, trusting to the thickness of my riding habit to keep me from getting wet; but big drops fell faster and faster, and I very soon found myself, as Ned would say, taking the largest kind of a shower-bath. You remember that great elm tree on the meadow-road between here and Dalehill?"

James nodded assent.

"Well, the branches were so thick that the rain didn't come through, so I thought it would be a nice place to take shelter; Percy, however, didn't like the idea of stopping there, for the moment I tried to make him stand still, he backed, and reared, and walked into the rain. My first thought was to whip him into minding me; but before I had determined what to do, the dear old pony started off on a run. Oh, Jem! I cannot describe the frightful crashing, splitting, rushing, rolling noise that seemed to burst forth the moment I left the spot! It required all my strength to curb Percy, and as soon as I had him in hand, I turned to look behind me—the lightning had split that magnificent tree all the way down, and torn off the largest limb, the very one under which I want-

ed to stop) and whirled it over the fence to the meadow on the opposite side of the road! Only think what a fearful death mine might have been!"

Her mother shuddered. "What narrow escapes Ned and yourself have had, Jeanie! It will be Jem's turn next."

"Jem is not particularly gifted with thoughtlessness," said his sister, smiling. "He don't do silly things."

"I hope you do not mean to place me in contrast to

> "'Our sovereign lord, the king,
> Whose word no man relied on;
> Who never *said* a foolish thing,
> Yet never *did* a wise one.'"

"O, Jamie! what are you repeating?" exclaimed little Effie, who had just left her father's side. "Papa has been reciting something beautiful about the Alps to Ned—it wasn't such poetry as you are saying."

"Can't you remember the whole of what father said, Euphie?" asked James.

"Not if you laugh at me, Jamie. Perhaps the poetry you were saying was good enough

for what you were talking about; but papa was describing the thunder in the Alps, and then he said—I can't remember the lines."

"Are these they—

> "'Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to us aloud!'"

"Yes, yes," replied his little sister. "Jura makes me think of Taconic. Listen, and you will hear when the next peal comes." Effie got up in the chair and looked out of the window. The storm had abated, but flashes of lightning still sent the thunder echoing through the hills, and heavy black clouds hung over the valley. The lake was covered with white foam, and waves dashed high upon the shore. "See those waves, Jeanie," said little Effie, pointing to the lake; "they remind me of Kühleborn, Undine's naughty uncle."

"And are you going to try to still them, like another little water-sprite?" asked Jem, as he lifted her up, kissed her forehead, and put her

down on the chair again; then turned to leave the room.

But Effie called him back; she wanted him to arrange some charades, which she and Harry could act in the afternoon. "Come in the school-room," she said; "we shall be all alone there."

Sunshine did not appear, as Jem had predicted; the day was dark, damp, and cold. When the rain ceased, Tim drove to the Parsonage for Harry. Although the little fellow had enjoyed himself, he was glad to return to his mother; it was the first night he had ever been separated from her. The charade which Effie liked best, required the assistance of her brothers and sisters, as well as her cousin; so they all spent the morning in the school-room, rehearsing their parts. Ned got Jeanie's paint-box, and made several pretty tickets, which Effie sold to her father and aunt for a kiss, but her mother gave her three oranges.

The parlor door was opened at four o'clock that afternoon, and Effie placed Tim there to receive the tickets. When the audience were seated, Tim rang a little bell, and then the cur-

tain rose. The scene was a room locked up for the night, for the window was barred, and the candles on the table put out. On the sofa, in one corner, some one was lying as if fast asleep; this they soon discovered to be Ned, for he snored so loud that he could not help laughing. In a few moments, two robbers (Harry and Effie) entered this room, with a dark lantern. Very softly, one of them bent down, and made believe pick the lock of the closet door; then he helped himself to the silver spoons and forks, and put them in a bag. The other robber crept up to the dressing-table, and, finding a ring and little silver vinagrette, slipped them in his pocket. They then went towards the bed, and tried to get something from under the pillow—it was a watch—but, before they could hide it, the master of the house awoke, and jumped out of bed, as if to chase them—of course, they took to their heels.

If Ned had caused laughter by his snoring, it was redoubled, now, that he stood before the audience in his night-costume. A long white night-dress came almost to his feet, and, as he had put it on over his coat, it looked like a

straight jacket, it was so tight for him. On his head, he wore a bright yellow flannel night-cap, which Jeanie had trimmed with bows of pink ribbon. There he stood, shaking and trembling, frightened out of his wits, while he reached out his hand towards a pistol and sword, lying on a chair near him; but drew it back, as if afraid to touch them. "What a bold soldier-boy!" exclaimed a voice behind the scenes. The curtain fell, just as Ned threw his night-cap in the direction of the voice.

"The first part of the word has been given—can you guess it?" asked James, coming before the curtain.

"'*Rob*,'" said his father.

"So far, so good," shouted Ned, from the other side.

In a few moments, the curtain rose again. This time, it represented the public room of an inn. There stood the landlady, (Jeanie,) with an immense bunch of keys hanging at her side. From her attitude, and the expression of her face, it seemed as if she had been scolding the maid-servant, (Effie,) who was wiping the dust from the window. James, as landlord, stood

near a door, inviting two travellers (Ned and Harry) to spend the night at his house.

When the curtain fell, and James came to ask if they had guessed the word, Jeanie thrust her head from behind the curtain, and, smiling at her father, said, "I hope the audience will appear sufficiently mystified, in guessing the words, for the sake of encouraging the younger members of the family, who begin to fear the charade is too easy."

Mr. Ruthven understood the hint, and Effie and Harry were delighted when James came back, and told them papa had not guessed aright.

The third time the curtain rose, the laughter was instantaneous, for Jeanie sat rocking an old cradle, into which Jem had squeezed himself, and, with a baby's cap on his head, he sat playing with a rattle and a large pap-spoon. Effie and Harry, both dressed as little girls, were sitting on the floor, amusing themselves with dollies, while Ned, dressed like a little boy, a frilled ruffle about his neck, and his trowsers tucked inside of his boots, was playing with a new whip, driving a pair of horses—two chairs,

turned upside down. It was evident that he was the only son in the family.

"Is '*baby*' the right word?" asked Mr. Ruthven, when Jem came to ask them if they had discovered it.

"Tim guesses it's '*little boy*,'" exclaimed the old man, looking in, from the parlor door, his eyes fairly dancing with delight.

"'*Son*,'" suggested Aunt Effie. She was right.

The fourth scene represented the boys in sailor costume. Jem, holding the model of a ship, seemed to be explaining the different ropes to Harry, the youngest sailor-boy. On one side of the room was a large coil of ropes, on which Ned sat, kicking against the floor with his heels, and whistling "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." Their clothes, tied up in blue cotton handkerchiefs, were placed on the ground near them.

"Guess them's the '*crew*,'" said Tim, before the curtain fell.

"That's right," replied Effie and Harry.

"Only one more word, and then you shall have the whole," said James.

This time, Jeanie, in an old dress of her grand-

mother's, sat sewing by the window; Effie, and Harry dressed like a little girl, were also stitching away. By and by, Effie dropped her work, but the old lady shook a finger at her, as if to reprove her want of diligence.

"Father hasn't guessed it," said James, when he returned, behind the curtain.

"They will guess it, this time," exclaimed Jeanie, laughing, as she arranged her brothers' dresses.

The last scene was a tableaux. At a little table, spread with nuts and different kinds of fruit, sat a man, dressed in the skins of wild beasts. One side of him stood his dog, Dash, on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on Jem's shoulder.

"What is that other animal?" asked Aunt Effie, pointing to what looked like a roll of white goat-skin, on the floor.

"It's meant to be a goat—but my head has dropped off!" replied Ned's voice.

The curtain fell, for a moment, and the audience heard suppressed laughter; but, when it rose again, there stood an admirable goat, beard and all.

"Where did you get your parrot, *Robinson Crusoe?*" asked Mr. Ruthven.

"You've guessed the whole of our charade, papa!" exclaimed Effie, running into the parlor.

"Now, Jem and Ned, come and show yourselves," said Jeanie. "I think I deserve credit for inventing such good dresses for you."

"I'm so pinned up that I can't move, without losing my skin," replied Jem, laughing.

"My head will tumble off, if I stir," added Ned.

"Well, if the mountain will not come to Mohammed—we can do as Mohammed did," said mamma. They accordingly went up to the two young gentlemen, who were wrapped in the various sleigh-robes. The goat's head was made of paper; the parrot was cloth, and painted green. "You make an admirable costumer, Jeanie," continued her mother, "and Jem has given us a very good charade; but I suppose we must thank Effie for our afternoon's amusement."

"Oh, I've had as much fun as any one," replied the little girl; "now, I will help Katie set the dinner table."

"So will I," added Harry.

James and Ned carried the dresses up stairs, and Jeanie put them carefully away. Then she went to her mother's dressing-room, where the brothers were already sitting beside mamma.

"Come in, dear old pet!" exclaimed Ned, as his sister opened the door. "We are trying to get up a grand parting crying-spell."

"A soldier! and talk of crying!" said Jeanie, kneeling down and looking up in his face.

"Havn't soldiers got hearts, as well as other people?" he replied, giving her cheek a slight pinch.

"Oh, stop pinching, or you'll make me cry!" She rubbed her cheek, and tried to squeeze his hand.

She succeeded, for Ned began rubbing his hand, and saying he was glad that every young lady he met didn't adopt a similar punishment.

"I hope you don't give them similar cause," said his mother smiling.

"Oh of course I do, my dearest mamma—whenever I get a chance!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jeanie. "Just look

out at the sunset, and tell me if you're not ashamed of such absurdity, on this, the last Saturday evening we spend with each other for a long, long time."

The storm-clouds, which had floated over the valley during the day, parted above Taconic as the sun went down, and then their gray folds caught up the deep crimson die and wrapped themselves as in a veil of fire. Eastern clouds passed on, laden with splendor flung over to them from the west, and their very shadows seemed shadows no longer, as they crept along the purple mountains. Three rays of pure golden light streamed upward from the sun, whose brightness had been shrouded all day long—fit emblems did they seem of that mystery, before which our holy Church, throughout all the world, would bend in wonder and adoration on the following day.

"Eternal One, Almighty Trine!
(Since Thou art ours, and we are thine)
By all thy love did once resign,

"By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!"

Their mother's voice whispered these lines, as she stood beside her children, who were kneeling in the window, watching the sunset. She bent over the young faces, lifted towards hers as she ceased speaking, and listened to the murmured words, "Dear, dear mother."

CHAPTER XII.

"Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine:

Yet all are one—together all,
In thoughts that awe but not appal,
Teach the adoring heart to fall."

KEBLE.

"If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made."

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act v., Scene i.

ALONE, in St. Mary's Church, the Ruthven children remained, when the evening service was ended. Their parents had driven home, but they lingered behind to enjoy one more walk, before parting from each other.

The fading light streamed down through the western rose-window, flooding the dark gray walls in gold and crimson splendor, but shadows deepened above the chancel-arch, veiling its

threefold carvings, until it appeared like one impenetrable band of darkness spanning the gorgeous haze which floated beneath. In whatever direction the children turned, they saw the symbols of the Divine mystery, which they had that day been called to adore; in the triple breadth of nave and aisles, the triple length of nave, chancel, and sanctuary; in the three steps leading from the nave to the chancel, and in the three lancets joined together, in one eastern window. But shadows were deepening in the transepts, and creeping slowly up to the rafters and corbels of the roof, so, in silence, the children turned from those hallowed walls, and passed out beneath the dappled sky of the early summer evening.

"Jamie," murmured Effie, as she held his hand tightly in hers—"won't you tell Harry and me something about Trinity Sunday, as we walk home? I had rather listen to you, now, than this evening."

"So would I," said Harry. "Cousin Jeanie and Ned are close behind us; they can hear you, too."

"But perhaps you want papa to tell you if

you're wrong," added Effie, without giving James a chance to speak.

"Oh no, Euphie," he replied; "last night papa and I talked over the subject, after you had gone to bed. I think I can remember enough to interest you."

"And me, too, brother Jem!" exclaimed Ned, utterly disregarding his grammar. "I must make the most of the information I get in regard to the Church, for I'll not have a chance of learning much about such matters at the Point."

"Why, havn't they got a Church there?" asked Effie.

"To be sure there is," answered Jeanie. "The one just below the Point, at Buttermilk Falls, is a little beauty—you would like the name, Effie—Holy Innocents."

"If papa brings you to West Point this summer, you will see it," added Ned. "Now, Jem, we're ready to listen."

"Very well. In the first place, let me say that the term 'Trinity,' by which this mystery is called, was first brought into use by Theophilus of Antioch, in the year 150."

"So Trinity Sunday was appointed at that time," said Ned.

"Jumping at conclusions, as usual, Ned," replied James. "This festival was not appointed at that time, for the early Church, thinking that their belief in the holy Trinity was plainly set forth by the doxologies and creeds of their daily service, did not deem it necessary to set apart one day, in particular, for commemorating this mystery. But about the year 828, that there might be no room for heretical cavilling, we find that Gregory IV. appointed a distinct festival in honor of the adorable Trinity. Different Churches, however, appropriated different days for its observance; some setting apart the octave of Pentecost, some the Sunday next before Advent, while by others it was wholly neglected. The observance of Trinity Sunday, in England, is said to have been first established by Archbishop Becket, soon after his consecration.

"The council of Arles, held in the year 1260, made a strong effort to obtain uniformity throughout the Christian world in the celebration of this festival, as also did John XXII., 1334, but in vain. It was not until the year 1405, when

Benedict XIII. succeeded in establishing the day in the place it occupies in the present Calendar. In the Greek Church, Monday in Whitsun-week is set apart for this festival, the Sunday following being with them the festival of All Saints.

"We are told that one reason why this Trinity festival was placed after Whit-Sunday, was because our Saviour had no sooner ascended into heaven, than the Holy Ghost descended upon the Church, thereby giving them a knowledge of the glorious and incomprehensible Trinity, which, before then, was not so clearly known."

"Well, Jamie," said Effie, her little face screwed up in a most puzzled expression, "I don't understand about the Trinity, but I know the three things my creed teaches me to believe."

"That is quite enough for a little head like yours to hold," replied her brother. "Now, will you repeat to me what they are?"

Effie folded her hands, and, when her sister and brothers had gathered around her, answered—"'First, I learn to believe in God the Father, who hath made me, and all the world. Secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed me, and

all mankind. Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the people of God.' Is that right, Jamie?"

"Yes, darling—now look here."

"Oh, what beautiful clover! What is that for?"

The little girl put out her hand to take it, but James held it firmly, saying, "Look at these three leaves, dear Euphie, see how perfect each one in itself is, and yet they are joined but to one stem, and these three leaves make, in fact, but one leaf."(16)

"Oh, Jamie, now I understand what you would teach me!" then, in a very reverend tone, she added, "God is three persons, but one God."

They walked on, Effie and Harry attaching themselves to Ned, while Jeanie and James followed more slowly. "You adapted St. Patrick's story very nicely, in explaining to Effie just now," said Jeanie.

"I must tell her that it was not an original idea of mine," replied James, "or she will, one of these days, deny that St. Patrick ever thought of it! I intended to say a few words about the lessons for to-day, but I see she is quite satisfied with what she has already learned."

"It is better to teach a little at a time; I often think children take a dislike to learning, because too much is forced upon them."

"Perhaps you're right, Jeanie, I will try and remember what you say, when I have a parish and Sunday-school. You shall help me teach the children."

"And keep house for you, too, I suppose," she smilingly replied. "Then, when Ned is ordered off with his regiment, I will have to write long letters to him, and when Effie is a few years older, I must teach her various things; and my own studies must be kept up —oh! what a busy old lady I shall have to be! But, Jem, when I spoke of children having too much knowledge forced upon them, I did not refer to myself—now, I should like to hear what you were going to say about the lessons to Effie."

"You, doubtless, know as much about them as I do," answered her brother, "so we will help each other. Do you recollect the reasons Mr. Rivers gave, in his sermon to-day, why the doctrine of the Trinity was not so clearly delivered to the Jews?"

"Yes, being surrounded by idolatrous nations, they might have fallen in the error of mistaking it for a plurality of gods, and they were especially enjoined to remember the Unity of God."

"In the very first verse of the first lesson, this morning," continued James, "we read, 'In the beginning God made heaven and earth.' If you understood Hebrew, Jeanie, you would see that the word translated God is in the plural, while the verb is singular, to express the plurality of persons in the Unity of the Godhead; and when man is created, God says, 'Let *us* make man,' showing that, so to speak, there was a consultation of action among the several persons of the Godhead.

"Again, both in the Psalms and in St. John's Gospel, we read that by the Word of God were the heavens made, and you know how distinctly St. John tells us 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,' and 'without Him was not any thing made that was made.' In the second morning lesson, we are told of the baptism of the Son, the voice of the Father, and the descent of the Holy Ghost; and the second evening lesson declares the Father, the Word and the Spirit to

be one in essence. Now, Jeanie, as I have spoken about the lessons, I shall ask you for the epistle and gospel."

"And I will recall, as nearly as I can, what Mr. Rivers said of them in his sermon. In the first place, he told us they were the same which, in the ancient liturgies, were assigned to the octave of Whit-Sunday. In the epistle, we have the threefold ascription of praise to the Trinity, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' Then the gospel —I do not remember so well about that; I know it is an account of the conversation between our Saviour and Nicodemus, and God, the Holy Spirit, is set forth as being that Divine Spirit by whom we are regenerated in the waters of baptism."

"Think again, Jeanie—are not the words of our Saviour in the gospel mysterious?"

Jeanie shook her head—"You must recall them to me, I have forgotten them, Jamie."

James resumed—"God the Son, is on earth, doing miracles which, as the Jewish Rabbi declares, could not be done unless God the Father was with Him. Then, while talking with Nico-

demus, God the Son declared Himself to be in heaven—'no man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven'—who but God could be omnipresent?"

"I do not see how people dare dispute about the Trinity, simply because they don't understand its mystery. The Bible commands us to *believe*, never are we required to *understand*. Like little children, we must have *faith;* and, with the father of the maniac child, we must pray, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'"

He ceased. James seemed wrapped in his own thoughts, so they walked on in silence for several moments. "What is the cause of that sigh?" asked Jem, turning and looking at his sister.

"I didn't mean to sigh—I was thinking what a miserable memory mine is, and wishing it was as good as yours. I really believe my principle talent consists in a readiness to forget every thing I learn!"

"Ah, no," replied James, smiling at his sister's sweeping conclusion — "you have one other talent, that of thinking yourself a degree more stupid than your brothers."

"I didn't say so."

"Not to-day, but you have often acted as if you thought so, and I've been going to speak of it several times, but other things have prevented. Now, Jeanie, drive all such nonsense out of your head—don't sigh your breath away in regretting, 'I can't do this,' or 'I can't do that,' just make up your mind that you can do whatever you please, begin, don't stop to think about success, only persevere, and success will crown your efforts."

"It sounds very easy when you talk about perseverance—but just take this simple wish of mine: I want a memory like yours—how can I succeed in making one?"

"I suppose you expect me to write out a recipe for you, in cookery-book fashion," replied James.

"Not if like most cookery-book recipes—they are good for nothing," returned his sister.

"I'll give you one which I have tried," answered James. "You remember how I used to spend one or two hours every day in learning poetry, and sometimes prose, by heart?"

Jeanie assented.

"Do you know I merely did it all to strengthen my memory? Yes," he continued, not heeding her exclamation of surprise, "I wished to be able to remember what I heard or read, so I kept my brain steadily at work thinking, until by an effort of will, as it were, I have learned to retain the thoughts I meet with. It is no easy task, Jeanie, and if you are at all inclined to shrink, there will be no use in beginning."

"What are you going to begin?" shouted Ned. "Here you are, walking right past the lodge-gate—you'll begin to get tired before you reach Dalehill!"

"James was telling me of a way to strengthen my memory," repeated Jeanie, earnestly.

"And *showing* you how to strengthen it by forgetting the way home!"

"You're always making fun of every thing, Ned," said Jeanie, at the same time joining in the laugh with her brothers.

"Well, I'll not make fun any more; but when I'm away I will think of you 'a-strengthening your memory' by walking past your home, 'finding it no easy task' to get to Dalehill—feeling 'inclined to shrink' from attempting it—and dis-

covering, at last, that there is 'no use in beginning' to feel tired. Stop laughing, Jem. Let's see if our memory-strengthened sister can find the way to the house!"

"If it wasn't Sunday evening, I'd chase you into the lake!" exclaimed his sister.

"Perhaps I'd strengthen my memory by going," returned Ned.

When they reached the piazza, their parents were standing there. "We were just wondering what kept Jem and yourself so long, Jeanie," said her mother.

"They would have walked on, to Dalehill, if it hadn't been for me," exclaimed Ned. "Jem was expounding one of his theories on the subject of mental strengthening plasters, and Jeanie was shrinking from clapping one on her pericranium!"

"My dear Edward, remember what day this is," said his father, seriously; "you must be more careful about idle words, children; it is fearful to think of the account we must one day give of them all. However, I will not blame you to-night, my dear ones;—now run up stairs, and take off your things—tea will soon be ready."

The evening hours glided rapidly away—more rapidly, it seemed, than ever before, to the family at Cedar Grove. Ned was the only one who seemed to keep up his usual flow of spirits; at times, even he looked sad. But he was going among new scenes; he would see new faces—form new friendships; so the excitement made thoughts of parting less hard to bear. With James, it was different. He had to return to the village of Hartford, every corner of which seemed familiar to him. The dear face of his mother, the thoughtful love of his sister, and the kind sympathy of Aunt Effie, little Euphie's joyous face and fairy footstep, all, all but memory would be lost to him, when he left his home. He did not hear his father's voice calling to him, for thoughts like these were hurrying through his mind. But Effie laid her little hands in his, and whispered—"Come, Jamie; papa says come up to the library; we will have prayers there—he wants us to sing

"'O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name'—

Listen—Jeanie is playing the organ."

James did not speak, but held fast the dimpled fingers, and followed whither she led him.

"O God Triune, to thee we owe,
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue."

Thus ended the hymn, but the organ caught up the air, and rolled in joyous symphony throughout the room, until it seemed as if distant music had taken up the strain, so quietly did it waft away into silence. And then, opening the Bible, their father read of those whom our Saviour has called "Blessed." The children listened to the glorious rewards promised by Christ Himself—and perhaps the elder sister and brothers silently prayed that they also might one day be numbered among the "poor in spirit," the "meek," the "merciful," the "pure in heart," and the "peace-makers."

When prayers were ended, Effie said, "Good-night." As she passed between James and Ned, she threw a little arm around the neck of each and drew their heads down upon her breast. Those around did not hear the words she whispered, but as she withdrew her arms,

and glided quickly from the room, they saw the bright glance which passed between the brothers as they clasped each others' hands.

Aunt Effie and Harry rose to go. "Shall I see you again?" she asked of James, "or will you leave with Ned at four o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"I go with father and Ned at least as far as Cold Spring, so I must bid you 'good-by,' to-night. I've no idea of asking you to a three-o'clock breakfast."

"Maybe I'll come without an invitation," she answered, "however, kiss Harry, he will be unfit for his studies if he gets up before daylight."

"Oh, Harry, you must stop growing!" exclaimed Jem, making believe lift him from the ground. "I shall not be able to lift you as I used to do. Good-by."

"Oh, what a kiss that was!" exclaimed Ned, doing his best to give one equally loud to his aunt. "I shall remember it every time the cannon is fired at the Point."

"It will be a pity to waste your small amount of memory on a thing of so little importance," said Jeanie, laughing at him.

"Then, dear sister, you shall teach me how to *strengthen* my memory. But you'll not deny me the felicity of thinking of *you* whenever I look at the thirty-two pounders!"

"May your sword be as sharp as your wit!" exclaimed his sister.

"But not quite as harmless as yours," retorted Ned.

"You're right, my good brother—more cutting, and more ready when occasion requires."

"Ah, my children," interposed their mother; "learn to use wit, or, more properly, repartee, as I hope Ned will use his sword, 'Never drawing it without cause, never sheathing it without honor.'" (17)

"There, brother," said James, "let your silence now show us that you regard mother's advice."

"Not only her advice, but every word she utters," replied Ned, sitting down on the arm of the sofa, where his mother was reclining, and kissing her beautiful forehead. "Never fear, dear mother, no child of yours will ever use either tongue or arm in any but an honorable cause."

"I know you are all 'sans peur,' my chil-

dren," said their father, speaking for the first time, "and as yet 'sans reproche,' but life is before you; you little know what temptations the world may offer."

"But I am sure they know how those temptations may be overcome," added Aunt Effie.

She stood in the doorway, holding Harry by the hand; but as they turned to leave the room, Ned left the sofa, and catching hold of Harry, exclaimed, "So, my little cousin, you were going off without saying 'good-by' to poor Ned! A kind way to part for two years!"

"I tried to speak when you were talking with Jeanie," he replied. "When you spoke of your sword, I wanted to ask if you ever mean to kill any one with it?"

"It would take too long a time to answer that question to-night, my boy," said his uncle; "I must send the travellers off to bed—it is ten o'clock."

"And Harry," added Ned, "if ever my country commands me to draw my sword, it will be my duty to obey; when I enter the United States army, I shall be a part of my country; therefore, her enemies will be my enemies."

"But our Saviour tells us we must love our enemies," persisted Harry.

Ned looked thoughtful for a moment, then replied: "Harry, suppose a rude, wicked man should come up to your mother and strike her face, while you were standing by."

"I'd knock him down," flashed out the young boy.

"Suppose you couldn't do it alone by yourself, and you saw me?"

"I'd call you to help me pound him, and I'd call Jem and any body else if we couldn't do it."

"Very well, Harry, when I see other nations striking against my mother country; when I see that poor mother suffering from the blow, I cannot help starting up and offering this young right arm to defend her from oppression. When I fight, it will never be for my own aggrandizement, but for the 'green graves of my sires—God, and my native land.'"

"Had *I* ought to be a soldier?" asked Harry.

His mother turned pale, for she knew Ned's enthusiasm in regard to our army, and she trembled lest he should say something to favor her child's question. She need not have feared,

for he replied at once—"No, Harry, you have your mother to provide for. If you had a brother—" he was going to add "father," but the plain white folds of Aunt Effie's cap, and her deep black dress arrested him—"if you had a brother you might act differently. Now, 'good-by' once more, I see Aunt Effie is tired of waiting—be a good boy while I'm gone, and make your mother write to me once a week."

"I'll *remind* her of it every week," replied the little fellow, smiling; "good-by, dear Ned."

When Mrs. Howard and Harry had gone, the three children gathered around the sofa where their parents were sitting. They thought over and talked of the past—the merry days when they were little children; the many blessings which God had given and which He still gave to them; the present—how sad it was to part—but how glorious the future seemed! Ned, who was sitting on the cushion at his mother's feet, suddenly started up. "Oh, Jem!" he exclaimed, "we have forgotten Euphie!"

James sprang up also—"I beg your pardon, mother, for being in such haste—but we promised—that is—please excuse us," then turning

to Ned, "it is after eleven o'clock, I'm afraid it is too late."

"No, no," replied his brother, at any rate "we'll go and see."

They bid their parents and Jeanie, good-night; their sister promised to be down and take breakfast with them, but Ned advised her not to make rash promises.

"Judging from your mysterious conversation I should think that you had made one and forgotten it also," she replied.

"It was not a 'rash promise,'" said James; "but I'm not at liberty to tell you what it is—good-night—come, Ned."

In a few moments they reached the nursery. "Let me go first," said Ned, as he brushed by his brother and pushed open the half-closed door. They looked towards the bed where Biddy, the nurse, slept; she was not there, so, shutting the door, they stepped softly towards their little sister's bed. They were so still that Effie did not hear them, although she was watching for them, but she heard Ned whisper—"Don't wake her, Jem, I'm sure she's asleep."

"No, Jamie, I'm awake now and waiting for

you," she murmured, lifting her lovely face from the pillow, and leaning her head on one hand she reached the other towards her brothers.

"Waiting for us, darling Euphie," replied James. "Oh, I'm very sorry we've stayed so long!" He moved the little bed out from the wall, so that Ned and himself might sit one on each side of her.

"Oh, I've been asleep," she said. "I tried to keep awake, thinking you would soon come, and I looked up at the pretty moon and all the stars dancing round it; but by and by they seemed to stand still, and then, Jamie, they grew so very bright that I couldn't look at them any more. I don't know when I shut my eyes, only the stars all went away for a moment, and then I saw them again; but not so small—they were large, and, oh, so silvery! Well, while I was wondering what made them so bright, I heard the softest music in the world; at first, it was like papa's flute far away on the lake; then there came a soft rolling sound which made me think of the organ at Trinity Church in New York, for I trembled all over. I was so frightened, because I was

alone, I wanted to call you, and Jeanie, and Harry; but, just then, the music grew very low, and, while I listened to hear it die away, voices—oh, Jamie, such voices!—sang, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' I wasn't afraid any more, for I knew nothing would hurt me then, so I called to the voices and said, 'Come near to Effie, let her sing with you.'

"Then, Jamie, the stars grew golden, and the blue sky turned silver, and a bright cloud came floating down to me. Although the window was shut, it seemed open, for the cloud floated in and rested over my head."

She ceased for an instant, then clasping her brothers' hands more tightly, continued, "What I thought was a cloud, was only like a veil, Jamie, for it fell slowly down on my bed; but when I put out my hand to reach it, the music came again. I looked up—oh, dear Ned—there was a face there so like yours; I saw it first, for it was nearest to me, and a voice whispered —but I'll not tell you what it said quite yet. Then I looked, and the other face was yours, Jamie. You, too, whispered, but I could not

hear what you said, for I caught sight of papa's and mamma's face. They were highest of all, looking down upon me. They didn't speak, neither did Jeanie, Aunt Effie, or Harry; you were all wrapped in the beautiful cloud.

"Then I knelt down on the bed, and put out my hands and tried to creep next to you, but the veil drew up and covered your faces, and the music grew softer and softer, until you floated away, and I was left all alone. I couldn't help crying then, for I wanted to be with you, and I cried so hard that Biddy came and woke me up. I wouldn't tell her what made me cry, Jamie, but I asked if you and Ned had been here. I was very glad when she said 'no;' so I told her to stay down stairs until I called, for you and Ned were coming to see me before you went to bed, and I wanted to be all alone."

"It was a beautiful dream, Effie—now won't you tell me what I said?"

"Yes, Ned; but, first, I will tell you why I wanted to speak with you to-night. You don't mind Jamie's listening, do you?"

"No, indeed," replied her brother. "Didn't

you hear me tell him so this evening, after you whispered to us to come up here?"

"No, for I ran right out of the room; I had to go and get these flowers."

Her brothers had not noticed the little bouquet which was lying over her pillow, until she sat up and took it in her hands. "Dear Ned"—her voice trembled, but she continued—"this time you are going away from home for two years. Oh, Ned! if you should die before Effie sees you, it would almost make poor Effie die too."

The little girl adopted Tim's manner of speaking in the third person whenever she felt very sad, so her brother knew that there were tears in her eyes, although he could not see them. "I am only a little girl," she continued, "and I don't know any thing about soldiers; but, Ned, if you find the soldiers naughty, I don't want you to be like them. I want you to promise me that you will read your Bible, and study your Prayer-Book, just as if you were at home. Don't let anybody laugh at you for going to church, and kneeling down to say your prayers."

"Why, darling, who put such an idea into your little head?"

Oh, I heard Biddy and Katie talking the other night; they thought I was asleep. Katie said 'young gentlemen soldiers' were 'awful bad people,' and Biddy said she was afraid you would grow bad too. I wouldn't listen to them any more, for I knew you would never be bad, so I went right to sleep. To-night, when papa read of those who would go to heaven, there was one verse that I liked more than all the rest, because it was the only one which said, 'They shall *see* God?'"

"'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'"

"Yes, Ned, that is the verse. I don't quite understand the meaning of it; but it made me remember what Biddy said, so I thought I would ask you to promise me that you would think of that verse very often when you're away from home, and try to be what it says; then, if you should die, I should be sure that you had thought of the verse, for I know you will keep a promise."

The little girl could not understand or sympathize in the feelings which her simple words awakened in her brother's heart, and when he

laid his face on her pillow, and tried to stifle the burst of tears—ah, my children, they were not unmanly tears—she bent down over him, sobbing as if her poor little heart would break. "Don't cry, Ned, I'll not ask you to promise, if it makes you cry!"

"No, no, Euphie, not that; but, oh, you don't know how hard it will be to keep evil thoughts from my heart!"

"I didn't ask you to keep them away from your heart," murmured Effie—"I only said, to *try*. Oh, Ned, look up here—please don't cry any more."

He raised his head; only traces of tears remained. He laid his hand in hers—"Yes, Effie—I promise you I will try."

"Dear, dear Ned," she whispered, as she knelt on her little bed, and put her arms about his neck. Then she took up the flowers —"Here, Ned, take these flowers, keep some of them pressed in your Bible, some in your Prayer-Book, and they will remind you of our talk to-night. One of these days, when I grow up, perhaps I will ask you for them."

"I shall have them to show to you, my

Euphie; but I shall never part with them—no, not even if you should ask me for them yourself."

"Oh, now I will tell you what the face in the cloud said!" she exclaimed. "I know it was your face, although it was brighter, and had a more calm look in the eyes than you have; but when you whispered, you held up a bunch of flowers like these, only they looked more beautiful in my dream; and then you said, 'Dear little sister, you have helped me to come to the beautiful Home; for I thought of the night when you gave me these flowers, and I tried to be like those whom our Saviour called 'blessed.' It was only a dream, but I wish it had been *real*."

She laid her head down on the pillow, and closed her eyes — "Good night, good night," she murmured; perhaps I'll see Jamie's face in another dream."

Her brothers did not reply, but moved the bed back to the wall, and folded the covering smoothly over her. They bent down and kissed the rosy mouth.

"I'll say my little prayers for both of you

every night and morning; but more, for poor Ned."

These are the last words which, for two years, Edward Ruthven has heard from Effie's lips—and two more years must pass away before he will see his little sister. James, alone, knows the meaning of those withered flowers which are fastened in Ned's Bible and Prayer-Book, and on which he looks morning and evening—but to James they do not call up the same thoughts, so precious to his brother.

NOTES.

Page 19.

(1) "In London, these parochial processions are still kept up on Holy Thursday."—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, London, 1841, vol. i. p. 119.

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(2) "In the Arsenal at Venice, in the model room, there is a model of the Bucentaur, made from drawings and recollections after the original had been destroyed. It is a gorgeous toy, but very unseaworthy. A bit of the mast of the original structure is still preserved.

"There have only been three Bucentaurs. The first, built in 1520, lasted till 1600. The second, more magnificent, continued till 1725; and the third was destroyed in 1797. Of this last, the gilding, alone, cost more than $40,000."—*Hillard's Six Months in Italy*, vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

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(3) "It is a most striking fact, too, that every single sentence in this prayer (the Lord's Prayer) is taken from the Jewish Liturgies, with which the disciples were already familiar."—*Bishop Kip's Double Witness of the Church*, p. 98.

"Abundant proof of this can be found in Lightfoot, (on Matt. ix. 9–13,) and the works of several other learned men."—*Ibid*, note ii. p. 98.

Horne, in his Introduction to Scripture, gives the following quotation of the whole form which the Rev. Mr. Gregory collected and translated from the Jewish Euchologies:—

"Our Father, which art in heaven, be gracious unto us! O Lord our God, hallowed be Thy name, and let the remembrance of Thee be glorified in heaven above, and upon earth here below. Let Thy kingdom reign over us, now and for ever. The holy men of old said, remit and forgive unto all men whatsoever they have done against me. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil thing. For Thine is the kingdom, and Thou shalt reign in glory for ever, and for ever more."—*Horne's Introduction to Scriptures*, vol. iii. p. 296.

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(4) "On the head of the scape-goat a piece of scarlet cloth was tied, and there is a tradition among the Jews that if God accepted the sacrifice, the cloth turned white while the goat was being led off to the wilderness; but if it did not become white, then their sacrifice was not accepted, and they spent the year in mourning."—*Adam Clarke's Commentary*, Lev. xvi. 21.

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(5) "The various Ales or merry-makings observed by our ancestors in the 16th century, may be enumerated under the heads of Leet Ale, Lamb Ale, Bride Ale, Clerk Ale, Church Ale, and Whitsun Ale. The Agapæ were held at weddings and funerals: so were the Ales of the 16th century."—*Drake's Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 176; *Calendar of the Anglican Church*, p. 172.

The old usage of collecting for the Whitsun Ale has fallen

into disuse; but a custom is still kept up in England for young people to go in parties to the country to partake of milk and cream.—*Notes and Queries*, vol. xii. p. 297.

In Notes and Queries, vol. vi. p. 45, may be found the following statement: "The jugs used in the now obsolete 'Ales' were of white earthenware, with a blue inscription, inscribed

WHIT,
1649."

At page 89 of the same volume, another writer says these jugs were too small for ale—they were used for wine. There are some in the Norwich Museum, one inscribed "WHIT, 1648." Another, "CLARET, 1648;" and another smaller one, "SACK, 1650." The larger bottles will hold about half a pint—the smaller ones, quarter of a pint.

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(6) "Dr. Johnson, in his edition of Gerade's Herbal, speaking of the birch tree, says: "It serveth well for decking places of pleasure, and for beautifying the streets in the Crosse or Gang Week, and such like."—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, London, 1841, vol. i. p. 121.

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(7) "In Saterland, shooting at a bird is practised. He who shoots down the last is declared king, and is given a decorated hat, which he wears at the dance in the evening, and preserves till the next year. Foot-races and horse-races are also common at Whitsuntide."—*Thorpe's Mythology and Popular Traditions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. iii. p. 139.

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(8) "Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had no word like Whitsonday or Whitsontide, but called the Sunday and its octave Pentecostes. It is thought that among them the ceremony of wearing the white robe for a week after baptism had grown obsolete before the coming of the Normans. Whitsontide is an English word, and did not get into use earlier than the 12th or 13th centuries. It is certain that its introduction was long after the custom of neophytes wearing the white robe for eight days after their baptism had ceased."—*Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 153.

"Wit-Sonday," such is the spelling in the Paston Letters.—*Letter* XV.

Hearne, in the glossary to his edition of Robert of Gloucester, who lived about A. D. 1270, refers to a rare book printed by Wynken de Worde, in which he spells it Wyttesonetyd.

"In die Pentecostes."

"Good men and wymmen this day is called Wytsonday bycause the Holy Ghost brought wytte and wysdom to Christis disciples, and so by her prechyng after into all Cristendom. Thenne maye ye understande that many hath wytte, but not wysdom. For there ben many that hath wytte to preche well, but there ben few that have wysdom to live well. There be many wyse prechers and techers, but her lyvyng in no maner thyng after her prechynge. Also there be many that labour to have wytte and counying, but there ben few travaylleth to come to good lyvynge."—*Wynkyn de Worde*, 1493, Liber Festivalis—written by John Mirk, canon regular of Lilleshull.

"Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, in enumerating the Feasts on which churches were decked with flowers, called Pentecost Whiteson Day, and considers it a corruption of German

'pingsten,' fiftieth. It seems a two-fold mistake, the word should be 'Pfingsten,' which has no apparent connection with the German word for fiftieth, which is 'fünfzigste.'"—*Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 77.

Among the Dutch settlers in New York, then New Amsterdam, the festival of Whitsuntide was called *Pinxter*.

"The origin of Whit-Sunday has been derived from the French word *huit*, eight, as it is the eighth Sunday after Easter. Hamon L'Estrange, as if to make this opinion more probable, observes that the octave of any feast is, in the Latin, called *utas*, which he derives from the French word *huietas*. (Old French.)"—*Wheatley on Common Prayer*, p. 233.

In France, this day is called "Le jour de la Pentecôte." In Italy, "Il giorna della Pentecoste." In Spain, "Die de Pentecostes. The Saxon name, "Pentecostenes mæssendæg." German, "Pfingstoun tag." Dutch, "Der pingster dag."

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(9) "In the middle ages, great wax candles were blessed on Whit-Sunday, to represent the light of faith shining forth on the world."—*Calendar of the Anglican Church*, p. 172.

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(10) "Holy Cross Day. The Exaltation of the Cross was an ancient feast, held on the fourteenth of September, in memory of the restoration of the true Cross to Mount Calvary by Heraclitus, A. D. 642. Fourteen years before it had been carried off by Cosroes, King of Persia, when he took Jerusalem from the Emperor Phocas."—*Buck's Theo. Dict.*

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(11) "Dr. Mareschal, in his observations upon the Saxon

Gospels, takes the title of 'Ember' from a Saxon word meaning *circuit* or *course;* so these fasts coming every year in certain courses, may properly be said to be *Ember days*, i. e., *fasts in course.*"—*Wheatley on Common Prayer*, p. 204.

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(12) "The supposed derivation of the Morris dance is, that it came from the Moors; for in olden times the dancers usually blackened their faces as if to pass for Moors. It may be a corruption of the ancient Pyrrhic dance, as was the earliest Morisco dance in France. It has been supposed that the Morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain; but few traces of it have been found earlier than the time of Henry VII., so it is more probable the English had it from their Gallic neighbors, or even the Flemings. This dance makes a considerable figure in the parochial festivals of the time of Henry VIII.

"The May games of Robin Hood, accompanied with the Morris, were at first a distinct ceremony from the simple Morris, celebrated about Easter, and before the May games; but it is probable that when archery declined, the May games of Robin Hood were discontinued, and the Morris dance was transformed to the celebration of Whitsuntide, either as connected with the Whitsun Ales, or as a separate amusement."—*Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 654; *Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare*, p. 584.

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(13) "The Severed Hand." This story is slightly altered from the North German and Norwegian legends, found in Thorpe's Mythology and Popular Traditions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands, vol. ii. p. 32; vol. iii. p. 26.

Page 212.

(14) "Tizona. This sword is supposed to have been won by the Cid from king Bucar, at the time the king of Morocco besieged Valencia."—*Lockhart's Spanish Ballads*, p. 251.

Page 223.

(15) "In Wales, on Thursday after Trinity Sunday, which they call 'Dudd son Duw,' or 'Dydd gwyl Duw,' on the eve before, they strew a sort of fern before their doors, called 'Red yn Mair.' This is at Cærwis."—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, London, 1841, vol. i. p. 162.

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(16) "When St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, in A. D. 433, on his mission to the Irish, he found much difficulty in explaining the mystery of the Trinity; but they did not understand him till, plucking a clover (or shamrock) from the ground, he asked—'Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves to grow upon a single stalk?' The Irish were immediately convinced. The shamrock is the national cognizance of Ireland. The Druids used it to heal diseases."—*Hone's Every Day Book*, vol. i. p. 371.

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(17) Upon the blade of the broad-sword given to Prince Charles Edward by the City of Glasgow, after the battle of Falkirk, are these inscriptions: "Ne me tirez pas sans raison," on one side; and on the other, "Ne me remettez point sans honeur."

In the list of wood engravings to Sir Walter Scott's novel of Redgauntlet, vol. IX. London, Abbotsford edition, it is said to be "in the possession of Macdonald of Clanranald."

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